THE

Squire of Alſatia.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted by Their

Majeſty's Servants.

Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. Hor. Ep. ad Aug. 1. lib. 2.

LONDON,

Printed for *James Knapton,* at the *Queens-Head* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1688.

An Explanation of the Cant.

Alsatia. White-fryers.
Prig, Prigster. Pert Coxcombs.
Bubble, Caravan. The Cheated.
Sealer. One that gives Bonds and Judgments for Goods and Money.
A Putt. One who is easily wheadled and cheated.
Coale, Ready, Rhino, Darby. Ready money.
Rhinocerical. Full of money.
Megs. Guineas.
Smelts. Half-Guineas.
Decus. A Crown piece.
George. A Half-Crown.
Hog. A Shilling.
Sice. Six-pence.
Scout. A Watch.
Tattler. An Alarm, or Striking Watch.
Famble. A Ring.
Porker, Tilter. A Sword.
A Rumm Nab. A good Beaver.
Rigging. Cloathes.
Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest pure. Several Names for a Mistress, or rather a Whore.
To Equip. To furnish one.
A Belter of White-fryers. One that does but peep out of *White-fryers*, and retire again like a Rabbit out of his hole.
To lugg out. To draw a Sword.
To Scamper, to rubb, to scowre. To run away.
Bowsy. Drunk.
Clear. Very Drunk.
Smoaky. Jealous.
Sharp. Subtle.
A Sharper. A Cheat.
A Tattmonger. A Cheat at Dice.
Tatts. False Dice.
The Doctor. A particular false Die, which will run but two or three Chances.
Prog. Meat.

To the Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, &c.

My Lord,

I *Having had the Honour to have liv'd ſo many years in Your Lordſhips favour, and to have been always exceedingly oblig'd by Your Lordſhip, ought to be glad of any opporttunity of Publiſhing my Gratitude. And the offering this Comedy to Your Lordſhip may not perhaps be thought an improper occaſion of doing it; for the firſt Act of it was written at* Copt-Hall; *and Your Lordſhips Approbation of it (whoſe Wit and Judgment have ever been unqueſtion'd) encourag'd and inſpir'd me to go on: When I had finiſhed it, which was in a Months time, Your Lordſhip, upon the peruſal of the whole, was pleas'd to ſay that you thought it a true, and diverting Comedy.*

This, I muſt confeſs, made me hope for ſucceſs upon the Stage, which it met with, but ſo great, as was above my expectation (in this Age which has run mad after Farces) no Comedy, for theſe many years, having fill'd the Theatre ſo long together: And I had the great Honour to find ſo many Friends, that the Houſe was never ſo full ſince it was built, as upon the third day of this Play; and vaſt numbers went away, that could not be admitted.

This extraordinary ſucceſs the more emboldens me to lay the Play at Your Lordſhips Feet; in whoſe ſervice, I ſhould be glad to employ my whole Life.

I ſhall not, according to the Cuſtom of Dedications, make a long Panegyrick to Your Lordſhip, 'tis ſuperfluous

ous and impertinent, to praiſe him whom all men ſpeak well of, and of whom I never heard any man ſpeak ill: Your Lordſhip is the Favourite of Mankind; and You deſerve to be ſo, for You are ever obliging, and ſeeking out occaſions of doing good, and exerting Your Charity and Generoſity, in which You never loſe a day.

I muſt acknowledge my ſelf infinitely oblig'd to Your Lordſhip every way; but particularly, that I have the freedom of being receiv'd as one of Your Family at Copthall; *where not only the excellence of the Air, and regulariy of Living contribute to my Health, but I have the Honour of enjoying the converſation which in all the World I would chuſe.*

It is to me, and it muſt needs be to all who wiſh Your Lordſhip well, an extraordinary ſatisfaction to obſerve that You have laid ſo certain a foundation of ſolid happineſs, for all the remaining part of Your Life; in retiring from all the unſatisfying pleaſures, and noiſie troubles of the Town, to ſo ſweet a place, with ſo admirable a Lady, who in Beauty is exceeded by none, and has all thoſe qualities of mind beſides, which ſerve to make an excellent Lady, an extraordinary Governeſs of a Family, and an incomparable Wife; whoſe Fruitfulneſs is like to bleſs Your Lordſhip with a Beauteous, Noble and Numerous Iſſue. And may Your Lordſhip and She long enjoy one another, and all the Bleſſings You Your ſelves can imagine or deſire. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips Moſt Humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

PROLOGUE,

To the *Squire of Alſatia.* Spoken by Mr. *Mountfort.*

HOw have we in the ſpace of one poor Age,
Beheld the Riſe and Downfal of the Stage!
When, with our King reſtor'd, it firſt aroſe,
They did each day ſome good old Play expoſe;
And then it flouriſh'd: Till, with Manna tir'd,
For wholeſome Food ye nauſeous Traſh deſir'd.
Then roſe the whiffling Scribblers of thoſe days,
Who ſince have liv'd to bury all their Plays;
And had their iſſue full as num'rous been
As Priams, *they the Fate of all had ſeen.*
With what prodigious ſcarcity of Wit
Did the new Authors ſtarve the hungry Pit?
Infected by the French, *you muſt have Rhime,*
Which long, to pleaſe the Ladies ears, did chime.
Soon after this came Ranting Fuſtian in,
And none but Plays upon the fret were ſeen:
Such Roaring Bombaſt ſtuff, which Fops would praiſe,
Tore our beſt Actors Lungs, cut ſhort their days.
Some in ſmall time did this diſtemper kill,
And had the ſavage Authors gone on ſtill,
Fuſtian had been a new Diſeaſe i'th' Bill.
When Time, which all things trys, had laid Rhime dead,
The vile Uſurper Farce reign'd in its ſtead.
Then came Machines, brought from a Neighbour Nation,
Oh how we ſuffer'd under Decoration!
If all this ſtuff has not quite ſpoyl'd your taſte,
Pray let a Comedy once more be grac'd:
Which does not Monſters repreſent, but Men,
Conforming to the Rules of Maſter Ben.
Our Author, ever having him in view,
At humble diſtance would his ſteps purſue.
He to correct, and to inform did write:
If Poets aim at nought but to delight,
Fidlers have to the Bays an equal right.

Our

Our Poet found your gentle Fathers kind,
And now ſome of his works your favour find.
He'll treat you ſtill with ſomewhat that is new,
But whether good or bad, he leaves to you.
Baudy the niceſt Ladies need not fear,
The quickeſt fancy ſhall extract none here.
We will not make 'em bluſh, by which is ſhown
How much their bought Red differs from their own.
No Fop no Beau ſhall juſt exceptions make,
None but abandon'd Knaves offence ſhall take:
Such Knaves as he induſtriouſly offends,
And ſhould be very loth to have his Friends.
For you who bring good humour to the Play,
We'll do our beſt to make you laugh to day.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *William Belfond.* Mr. *Leigh.* A Gentleman of above 3000 *l. per annum,* who in his Youth had been a Spark of the Town; but married and retired into the Country, where he turnd to the other extreme, rigid, moroſe, moſt ſordidly covetous, clowniſh, obſtinate, poſitive and froward.

Sir *Edward Belfond.* Mr. *Griffin.* His Brother, a Merchant, who by lucky hits had gotten a great Eſtate, lives ſingle with eaſe and pleaſure, reaſonably and virtuouſly. A man of great humanity and gentleneſs and compaſſion towards mankind; well read in good Books, poſſeſſed with all Gentlemanlike qualities.

Belfond Senior. Mr. *Jevon.* Eldeſt Son to Sir *William,* bred after his Fathers Ruſtick, ſwiniſh manner, with great rigour and ſeverity; upon whom his Fathers Eſtate is entayled; the confidence of which makes him break out into open Rebellion to his Father, and become leud, abominably vicious, ſtubborn and obſtinate.

Belfond Junior. Mr. *Mountfort.* Second Son to Sir *William,* adopted by *Sir Edw.* and bred from his Childhood by him, with all the tenderneſs, and familiarity, and bounty, and liberty that can be; inſtructed in all the Liberal Sciences, and in all Gentlemanlike Education: Somewhat given to Women, and now and then to good fellowſhip; but an ingenious, well-accompliſh'd Gentleman; a man of Honour and of excellent diſpoſition and temper.

Truman. Mr. *Bowman.* His Friend, a man of Honour and Fortune.

Cheatly. Mr. *Samford.* A Raſcal, who by reaſon of Debts dares not ſtir out of *White-fryers,* but there inveigles young heirs in tail; and helps 'em to Goods and Money upon great diſadvantages; is bound for them, and ſhares with them, till he undoes them. A leud, impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert in the *Cant* that about the Town.

Shamwell. Mr. *Powel* Jun. Couſin to the *Belfonds,* an heir, who being ruin'd by *Cheatly,* is made a Decoy-Duck for others; not daring to ſtir out of *Alſatia,* where he lives; is bound with *Cheatly* for heirs, and lives upon them, a diſſolute debauch'd life.

Captain

Captain *Hackum.* Mr. *Bright.*	A Block-headed Bully of *Alſatia*; a cowardly, impudent, bluſtring fellow; formerly a Serjeant in *Flanders*, run from his Colours, retreating into *White-fryers* for a very ſmall debt; where, by the *Alſatians* he is dubb'd a Captain; marries one that lets Lodgings, ſells Cherry-brandy, and is a Bawd.
Scrapeall. Mr. *Freeman.*	A hypocritical, repeating, praying, Pſalm ſinging, preciſe fellow, pretending to great piety, a godly Knave, who joyns with *Cheatly*, and ſupplys young heirs with goods and money.
Attorney, Mr. *Powell* Sen.	To Sir *William Belfond*, who ſolicits his buſineſs, and receives all his Packets.
Lolpoop. Mr. *Underhill.*	A North Country fellow, ſervant to *Belfond* Senior, much diſpleas'd at his Maſters proceedings.
Termagant. Mr. *Alexander.*	A Sharper, Brother to Mrs. *Termagant.*
La Mar.	*French Valet de Chambre.*
Parſon.	An Indebted *Alſatian* Divine.
Tereſia. Mrs. *Knight.*	Daughter to *Scrapeall*, in Love with, and beloved by *Truman.*
Iſabella. Mrs. *Mountford.*	His Neece, in Love with, and beloved by *Belfond* Junior.
Lucia. Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*	The Attorneys Daughter, a young, beautiful Girl, of a mild and tender diſpoſition; debauch'd by *Belfond* Junior.
Mrs. *Termagant.* Mrs. *Bowtell.*	A Neglected Miſtreſs of *Belfond* Junior, by whom he has had a Child: A furious, malicious, and revengeful Woman; perpetually plaguing him, and croſſing him in all his deſigns; purſuing him continually with her malice, even to the attempting of his Life.
Mrs. *Hacknm.*	Wife to Captain *Hackum.*
Mrs. *Betty.*	*Lolpoops* Whore.
Mrs. *Margaret.*	His Maſters Whore.

Fidlers, Conſtables, Tipſtaff, Watch, Sergeant, &c. Musketeers, Rabble, &c.

THE

THE Squire of Alſatia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond *Senior*, *meeting* Shamwell.

Belf. Sen. COuſin *Shamwell* well met; Good morrow to you.

Sham. Couſin *Belfond* your humble Servant: What makes you abroad ſo early? 'Tis not much paſt ſeven.

Belf. Sen. You know we were Bowſy laſt night: I am a little hot-headed this morning: And come to take the freſh Air here in the Temple-walks.

Sham. Well: And what do you think of our way of living here? Is not rich generous Wine better than your poor Hedg-Wine ſtum'd, or dull *March*-Beer? Are not delicate well-bred, well-dreſs'd Women better than Dairy-Maids, Tenants Daughters, or Barefoot Strumpets? Streets full of fine Coaches, better than a yard full of Dung-Carts? A Magnificent Tavern, than a Thatcht Ale-houſe? Or the ſociety of brave honeſt, witty, merry Fellows, than the Converſation of unthinking Hunting, Hawking Block-heads, or High-ſhoo'd Peaſants and their wiſer Cattle?

Belf. Sen. O yes, a world adad. Ne're ſtir, I could never have thought there had been ſuch a gallant place as *London*:

Here I can be drunk over night, and well next morning: Can ride in a Coach for a ſhilling as good as a Deputy Lieutenants; and ſuch merry Waggs, and ingenious Companions.--- Well, I vow and ſwear, I am mightily beholding to you, Dear Couſin *Shamwell*: Then for the Women! Mercy upon us, ſo civil and well bred. And I'll ſwear upon a Bible, finer all of them than Knight Baronets Wives with us.

Sham. And ſo kind and pleaſant!

Belf. Sen. Ay, I vow pretty Rogues! No pride in them in the World; but ſo courteous and familiar, as I am an honeſt man, they'll do whatever one would have 'em preſently; Ah ſweet Rogues: While in the Country, a pies take 'em, there's ſuch a ſtir with piſh, fy, nay Mr. *Timothy*, what do you do? I vow I'll ſqueak, never ſtir I'll call out, ah hah---

Sham. And if one of 'em happen to be with Child: There's ſtrait an uproar in the Country, as if the Hundred were ſu'd for a Robbery!

Belf. Sen. Ay ſo there is: And I am in that fear of my Father beſides adad, he'd knock me i'th' Head, if he ſhould hear of ſuch a thing: To ſay truth, he's ſo terrible to me I can never enjoy my ſelf for him: Lord! What will he ſay when he comes to know I am at *London*? Which he in all his life-time would never ſuffer me to ſee, for fear I ſhould be debauch'd forſooth; And allows me little or no money at home neither.

Sham. What matter what He ſays? Is not every Foot of the Eſtate entail'd upon you?

Belf. Sen. Well, I'll endur't no longer! If I can but raiſe Money; I'll teach him to uſe his Son like a Dog, I'll warrant him.

Sham. You can ne're want that: Take up on the Reverſion: 'Tis a luſty one; And *Cheatly* will help you to the *Ready*: And Thou ſhalt ſhine and be as gay as any *Spruce Prigg* that ever walk'd the Street.

Belf. Sen. Well: adad, you are pleaſant men: And have the neateſt ſayings with you: *Ready*, and *Spruce Prigg*, and abundance of the prettieſt witty words.——But ſure that Mr. *Cheatly* is as fine a Gentleman as any wears a Head: And

as

as ingenious; ne'r ſtir I believe he would run down the beſt Scholar in *Oxford*, and put 'em in a Mouſe-hole with his Wit.

Sham. In *Oxford!* Ay, and in *London* too.

Belf. Sen. Goodſookers Cozen! I always thought they had been wittieſt in the Univerſities.

Sham. O fy Cozen: A Company of *Putts*! meer *Putts!*

Belf. Sen. *Putts*, meer *Putts:* very good I'll ſwear, ha ha ha.

Sham. They are all Scholar Boys, and nothing elſe, as long as they live there: And yet they are as confident as if they knew every thing; when they underſtand no more beyond *Magdalen-Bridge* than meer *Indians.* But *Cheatly* is a rare fellow: I'll ſpeak a bold word, He ſhall *Cut a Sham or Banter* with the beſt Wit or Poet of 'em all.

Belf. Sen. Good agen! *Cut a Sham, or Banter!* I ſhall remember all theſe quaint words in time: But Mr. *Cheatly*'s a prodigy that's certain.

Sham. He is ſo; and a worthy brave fellow, and the beſt friend where he takes, and the moſt ſincere of any man breathing.

Belf. Sen. Nay, I muſt needs ſay, I have found him very frank, and very much a Gentleman, and am moſt extremely oblig'd to him and you for your great kindneſs.

Sham. This morning your Cloaths and Liveries will come home, and thou ſhalt appear rich and ſplendid like thy ſelf, and the *Mobile* ſhall worſhip thee.

Belf. Sen. The *Mobile*! That's pretty. *Enter* Cheatly. Sweet Mr. *Cheatly*, my beſt friend, let me embrace thee.

Cheat. My ſprightly Son of Timber and of Acres: My noble Heir I ſalute thee: The *Cole* is coming, and ſhall be brought in this morning.

Belf. Sen. *Cole?* Why 'tis Summer, I need no firing now. Beſides I intend to burn Billets.

Cheat. My luſty *Ruſtick*, learn and be inſtructed. *Cole* is in the language of the Witty, Money. The *Ready*, the *Rhino*; thou ſhalt be *Rhinocerical*, my Lad, thou ſhalt.

Belf. Sen. Admirable I ſwear! *Cole! Ready! Rhino! Rhinocerical!* Lord, how long may a man live in ignorance in the Country?

Sham. Ay: But what Aſſes you'l make of the Country Gentlemen when you go amongſt them. 'Tis a Providence you are faln into ſo good hands.

Belf. Sen. 'Tis a mercy indeed. How much *Cole*, *Ready*, and *Rhino* ſhall I have?

Cheat. Enough to ſet thee up to Spark it in thy Brothers face: And e're thou ſhalt want the *Ready*, the *Darby*, Thou ſhalt make thy fruitful Acres in Reverſion to fly, And all thy ſturdy Oaks to bend like Switches! But thou muſt ſqueeze my Lad: Squeeze hard, and Seal my *Bully*. *Shamwell* and I are to be bound with thee.

Belf. Sen. I am mightily beholding to you both I vow and ſwear; my Uncle Sir *Edward* took my Brother when he was a Child, and Adopted him: Would it had been my Lot.

Sham. He is a noble Gentleman, and maintains him in Coach and Equipage fit for him.

Cheat. Thou ſhalt not ſee the *Prigg* thy Brother till thou ſhalt out-jingle him in *Ready*, out-ſhine him in thy Ornaments of Body, out-ſpark him thy Coach and Liveries; and ſhalt be ſo *Equipt*, that thou ſhalt dazle the whole Town with thy Outragious Splendor.

Belf. Sen. I vow his Tongue is rarely hung!

Cheat. Thy Brothers heart ſhall break with Envy at thy Gallantry: The Fops and Beaux ſhall be aſtoniſht at thy brightneſs. What *Ogling* there will be between thee and the *Blowings:* Old ſtaring at thy *Equipage*. And every *Buttock* ſhall fall down before thee.

Belf. Sen. Ha ha ha! I vow you are the pleaſant'ſt man I ever met with, and I'll ſwear the beſt friend I ever had in my life; that I muſt needs ſay. I was reſolv'd not to let my Brother ſee me till I was in Circumſtances dee ſee: And for my Father he's in *Holland*. My Mothers Brother dy'd and left him ſole Executor. He'll not be here theſe ſix Weeks.

Sham. Well, when you ſee your Brother he'll envy you, and rail at thoſe who made you flouriſh ſo. We ſhall be caſt off.

Belf. Sen. Gudzookers Couſin! I take it very unkindly that you ſhould ſay ſo. I'll caſt off all the Relations in the World

World before I'll part with ſuch true, ſuch loving Friends, adad. *Enter Captain* Hackum.

O noble Captain *Hackum*, your Servant; Servant Captain.

Hack. Your humble *Trout*, good noble Squire, you were brave and *bowzy* laſt night; i'faith you were.

Belf. Sen. Yes really, I was *Clear*: For I do not remember what I did, or where I was: *Clear*, *Clear*; is not that right?

Sham. Ay ay! Why, you broke Windows: *ſcour'd*, broke open a Houſe in *Dorſet* Court, and took a pretty Wench, a Gentlemans *Natural*, away by force.

Cheat. Very true: And this Magnanimous Spark, This Thunder-bolt of War, Captain *Hackum*, laid about him like a Hero, as did ſome other of your friends, or elſe the Watch had maul'd us: But we made them *ſcoure*.

Belf. Sen. Nay o' my Conſcience, the Captain's mighty Valiant; there's Terror in that Countenance and Whiskers: He's a very *Scanderberg* incarnate. And now you put me in mind, I recollect ſomewhat of this matter: My Shoulders are plaguy ſore, and my Arms black and blue; but where's the Wench, the *Natural*, ha Captain?

Hack. Ah Squire, I led her off. I have her ſafe for you.

Belf. Sen. But does not the Gallant thunder and roar for her?

Hack. The Scoundrel dares not: He knows me, who never knew fear in my life; For my part, I love Magnanimity and Honour, and thoſe things; And fighting is one of my Recreations.

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honeſtly do,
Is a Herald to himſelf, and a Godfather too.

Belf. Sen. O brave Captain.

Cheat. The *Prigſter lugg'd out* in defence of his *Natural*; the Captain *whipt* his *Porker* out, and away *rubb'd Prigſter* and call'd the Watch.

Belf. Sen. *Prigſter*, *lugg'd out*, *Natural*, *Porker*, *rubb'd*, admirable! This is very ingenious Converſation: Y'are the pureſt Company; Who would not keep Company with the Wits; Pox o' the Countrey I ſay.

Hack. But Squire, I had damn'd ill luck afterwards: I went up the Gaming Ordinary, and loſt all my *Ready*; they

leſt

left me not a *Rag* or *Sock*: Pox o' the *Tatts* for me: I believe they put the *Doctor* upon me.

Belf. Sen. *Tatts*, and *Doctor*! what's that?

Sham. The Tools of *Sharpers*, falſe Dice.

Hack. Hark you, prithee Noble Squire, *Equipp* me with a Couple of *Meggs*, or two Couple of *Smelts*.

Belf. Sen. *Smelts*! What ſhall we beſpeak another Diſh of Fiſh for our Dinner?

Sham. No no, *Meggs* are Guineas, *Smelts* are Half Guineas: He would borrow a Couple of Guineas.

Belf. Sen. *Meggs*, *Smelts*! Ha ha ha. Very pretty by my troth. And ſo thou ſhalt, Dear Captain: There are two *Meggs*; and I vow and ſwear I am glad I have 'em to pleaſure you, adad I am.

Hack. You are ſo honeſt a Gentleman, Quarrel every day and I'll be your Second; once a day at leaſt: And I'll ſay this for you, There's not a finer Gentleman this day walks the *Fryers*; no diſpraiſe to any man, let him be what he will.

Belf. Sen. Adad you make me proud Sir. *Enter* Lolpoop. O *Lolpoop*, where have you been all this morning Sirrah?

Lolpoop. Why 'tis but rear marry, 'tis meet a bit paſt Eight: By'r Lady yeow were ſo fow drunken laſt neeght I had thoughten yeow wouden ha leen a bed aw th' morn: Well, mine eyne ake a gazing up and down on aw the fine ſights; but for aw that ſend me *North* to my own *Caunty* again.

Belf. Sen. Oh ſilly Rogue: You are only fit for Cattle. Gentlemen, you muſt excuſe him, he knows no better.

Lolp. Marry, better quoth a! By th' Meſs, this is a life for the Deel: To be drunken each night, breake Windows, Roar, Sing and Swear i'th' Streets; go to Loggerheads with the Conſtable and the Watch, han Harlots in Gold and Silver Lace: Hea'n bleſs us, and ſend me a whome again.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you ſawcy Scoundrel, or I'll Cudgel you to Pap: Sirrah do not provoke me, I ſay do not.

Lolp. Ods fleſh, where's Money for aw this? Yeowſt be run agraunt ſoon and you takken this caurſe, Iſe tell a that.

Belf. Sen. Take that Sirrah: I'll teach you to mutter: What my Man become my Maſter?

Lolp.

Lolp. Waunds! give me ten times more and ſend me whome agen at after. What will awd Maaſter ſay to this? I mun ne'r ſee the Face of him I wot.

Sham. Hang him Rogue. Toſs him in a Blanket.

Cheat. Let me talk with him a little. Come on Fellow.

Lolp. Talk! Well, what ſen ye?

Cheatly bantering. Your Maſter being in this matter, to deport his Count'nance ſomewhat obliquely, to ſome principles, which others but out of a Mature Gravity may have weigh'd, and think too heavy to be undertaken; what does it avail if you ſhall precipitate or plunge your ſelf into affairs, as unſuitable to your Phyſnomy as they are to your Complexion.

Lolp. Hah, what ſen you? yeow miſtaken me: I am not Book-learn'd: I underſtand a not.

Cheat. No, 'tis the ſtrangeſt thing! Why, put the Caſe you are indebted to me 20*l.* upon a *Scire facias*: I extend this up to an Outlawry, upon Affidavit upon the *Niſi prius*: I plead to all this matter *Non eſt inventus* upon the Pannel; what is there to be done more in this Caſe, as it lies before the Bench, but to award out Execution upon the *Poſſe Comitatus*, who are preſently to iſſue out a *Certiorari*.

Lolp. I underſtand a little of Sizes, Niſi prizes, Affidavi, Suſſurari! But by the Meſs I cannot tell what to mack of aw this together not I.

Belf. Sen. Ha ha. Puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O ſilly Country *Put*! Here's a *Prigg* indeed: He'll ne're find out what 'tis to *Cut a Sham* or *Banter*: Well, I ſwear Sir you do it the beſt of any man in the World.

Cheat. No no, I ſwear not I.

Belf. Sen. I proteſt Sir you do it Incomparably.

Cheat. Nay, now you Complement: Faith you make me bluſh.

Lolp. Sham and *Banter* are Heathen Greek to me: But yeow have cut out fine wark for your ſel laſt Neeght: I went to ſee the Hauſe yeow had Brocken, aw the Windows are pood dawne. I askt what was the matter, and by th' Maſs they haw learnt your Nam too; they ſaiden Squire *Belfond* had done it, and Raviſh'd a Wench: and that they hadden gotten the

the Lord Chief Juſtice Warren for you, and wooden bring a pawr of Actions againſt yeow.

Belf. Sen. Is this true?

Lolp. Ay by th' Maſs.

Cheat. No matter; we'll bring you off with a wet finger; truſt me for that.

Belf. Sen. Dear Friend, I rely upon you for every thing.

Sham. We value not twenty ſuch things of a ruſh.

Hack. If any of their Officers dare invade our Priviledges, we'll ſend em to Hell without *Bail* or *Mainprize.*

Lolp. But I can tella a wor news than aw this; I ne'r ſaw fleſh alive, and I ſaw not your Fathers man *Roger* come out oth *Temple-yate* een now. Your Father's in Town that's certain.

Belf. Sen. How! my Father ſay you? 'Tis impoſſible.

Cheat. Courage my Heir in Tail: Thy Father's a poor ſneaking Tenant for Life; thou ſhalt live better than he can: And if we do contract a Debt upon thy dirty Acres in the North, I have deſign'd for you a fine young Lady with a ſwinging Fortune to redeem all; And 'tis impoſſible my Lad to miſs her.

Belf. Sen. Sir, let me embrace you, and love you: Never man embrac'd a better Friend! *Amicus Certus in re incerta Cernitur*, as the ſaying is.

Lolp. Sir, Sir, let me ſpeak one word with you; Ods-fleſh, I'll dye the Death of a Dog, and aw theſe yeow ſeen here, be not Rogues, Cheats, and Pick-pockets.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you Raſcal; Adad I would not have any of em hear for five hundred pounds; you were a dead man.

Lolp. What is the reaſon they dare not ſtir out of this priviledg'd place, but on Sabbath-days.

Belf. Sen. You Blockhead, Mr. *Cheatly* had an Aldermans young Wife run away with him, is ſued for't, and is in fear of a ſubſtantial Jury of City Cuckolds. *Shamwells* unnatural Father lays wait for him, to apprehend him and run him into the Country. The Brave and Valiant Gentleman, Captain *Hackum*, who is as ſtout as a Lyon, beat a Judges Son t'other day. And now your queſtions are fully anſwer'd, you *Put* you.

Cheat.

Cheat. Honeſt *Shamwell*, thou art a rare fellow: Thy Cozen here is the wealthieſt *Caravan* we have met with a long time; the hopefulleſt *Sealer* that ever yet toucht Wax among us: But we muſt take off that evil Counſellor of His.

Sham. I warrant you. Oh Cozen, here's your Tailor, with your Clothes and Liveries, Hatter, Shooe-maker, Perriwig-maker.

Enter Tailor with a Bundle, a Perriwig-maker, Hatter, Shooe-maker.

Cheat. All your moveables together; go into your Lodging and fit them: your new Footmen, and your *French Valet de Chambre* are there, I'll wait on you there preſently.

Lolp. Odsfleſh, here's whaint wark: By'r Lady this is fine! whaw whaw!

Belf. Sen. Get you in, you Rogue: An you mutter one word more, adad I'll mince you, Sirrah: Well, go in all of you. Gentlemen, I ſhall ſee you preſently. *Exit.*

Cheat. Immediately: Let us hugg our ſelves, my dear Raſcal, in this adventure you have done very well to engage him laſt night in an Out-rage; and we muſt take care to put him upon all the expence we can: We muſt reduce him to have as much need of us as poſſible.

Sham. Thou art i'th' right: But Captain, where's the *Convenient*, the *Natural*?

Hack. Why at my Houſe: my Wife has wrought her into a good humour: She is very pretty; and is now pleas'd to think the Squire will be a better Keeper than her former; for he was but a *Sharper*, a *Tantmonger*, and when he wanted Mony would kick and beat her moſt immoderately.

Sham. Well: I'll ſay that for the Captains Wife, ſhe's as good an able Diſcreet Woman to carry on an Intrigue, as e're a Woman in the *Fryers*! Nay better.

Hack. Your Servant good Mr. *Shamwell*; ſhe's a very good Woman thanks be to Heaven, I have great comfort in her; ſhe has a Cup of the beſt Cherry-Brandy in the *Friers*.

Sham. aſide. And commonly a good Whore to boot: But prithee Captain, go home and let her and the young Girl prepare to Dine with us; we muſt have a great Dinner and Fidlers at the *George*, to ſeaſon the Squire in his new Equipage.

Hack. Well, well, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*

Sham. You'l find this Fellow a neceſſary Tool in Conſort with his Wife, who is, indeed, a Bawd of parts: He is a good Ruffian enough: For tho he be not ſtout, he's impudent, and will roar and keep a filthy pother, which is enough to make Fools believe he's ſtout.

Cheat. Let him, and the ſmall Fry pick up the Squires looſe Crums, While we ſhare in the luſty Summs.

Enter Scrapeall.

Oh here comes Mr. *Scrapeall* with all his Zeal; our godly Accomplice in all deſigns; leave him to me. *Ex.* Sham. Oh Mr. *Scrapeall*! Have you brought the money for the Squire?

Scrap. I come to tell you that my man approacheth with the Money and the Goods for your Squire.

Cheat. I hope you have not burden'd him with too many Goods at firſt?

Scrap. No: But a fourth part: 'Tis true the Goods are ſomewhat ſtale, but I will take them off at ſmall under rates: You know I am not ſeen in furniſhing of the Goods and Mony, but only in the buying of the Goods. My Lawyer accompanieth my Man to teſtifie the Writings.

Cheat. 'Tis as it ſhould be: He is a fat Squire; the Eſtate in Tail is full 3000*l.* a year. He will yeild well.

Scap. aſide. This Squire is to take to Wife a Niece I have in Charge: His Father is to give me 5000*l.* out of her Fortune; and the Squires Leudneſs and Prodigality will ſoon let me deep into his Reverſion. Beſides his lighting into theſe hands, will make his Father, when he finds it, haſten to agree with me for his Redemption; I like the buſineſs well. I am going to the man you call *Crump*, who helpeth Sollicitors to Affidavit-men, and Swearers, and Bail.

Cheat. His Office is next door; his Wardrobe for Bail and Witneſſes. Here he comes; let's meet him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Belſond, *and an Attorney.*

Sir Will. Sure I ſhould know the Face of that Fellow, that's going there into *White-Friers*.

Att. 'Tis a moſt Notorious one; you have ſeen him often, this

this that moſt audacious Rogue, *Cheatly*; who has drawn in ſo many young Heirs, and undone ſo many *Sealers*: He is a *Bolter* of *White-Friers*.

Sir Will. It is that Villain!

Att. I am very glad Sir, you have diſpatcht your buſineſs ſo ſoon in *Holland*.

Sir Will. I had great ſucceſs, and finiſhed all ſix Weeks at leaſt e're I expected; and had time to come by the way of *Flanders*, and ſee that Country which I deſired: And from *Newport* I came to *Dover*; and riding Poſt from thence, I took a Boat at *Southwark*, and landed juſt now here at the Temple: But I am troubled you had ſent my Packet to *Holland* e're I came.

Att. I receiv'd none from you of late: No Packet has arriv'd this Fortnight from *Holland*.

Sir Will. Have you heard no News from my Son, nor my Steward in the Country?

Att. None theſe ten or twelve days.

Sir Will. That Son is all the joy of my life; for him I hurry up and down, take pains, ſpare and live hard to raiſe his Fortune.

Att. Indeed, I hear he's a fine Gentleman, and underſtands his Country affairs as well as e're a Farmer of them all.

Sir Will. I muſt confeſs he proves after my own Heart: He's a ſolid Young man, a Dutiful Child as ever man had, and I think I have done well for him in providing him a Wife with ſuch a Fortune, which he yet knows nothing of. But will not this Godly Man, this Mr. *Scrapeall*, take a Farthing leſs ſay you for his Niece?

Attor. Not a ſowce: I have higgled with him as if I were to buy of a Horſe-courſer, and he will not take a farthing leſs than 5000 *l.* for his Neece.

Sir Will. He's a ſtrange Mixture, a perpetual Sermon-hunter, repeats and ſings Pſalms continually, and prays ſo loud and vehemently, that he is a Diſturbance to his Neighbours; he is ſo Heavenward Pious, and ſeems a very Saint of a Scrivener.

Att. He finds the ſweet of that, it gets him many a good Truſt and Executorſhip.

Sir Will. Pox on him for a Damned godly knave, forſooth, cannot he be contented to ſell her, whom his own Brother committed to his Charge; but he muſt extort ſo much for her? well I muſt

agree with him : I know ſhe has full 20000 *l.* left her : And has bin brought up as ſtrictly as my Son : Get writings ready : I'le ſend Poſt for my Son *Timothy* this Day.

Attor. They are ready ; you may Seal in the afternoon if you pleaſe.

Sir Will. And I will then. I'll detain you no longer : get my Writings ready : I am reſolv'd to ſettle my other Boy well : But my Town Son afflicts me when e're I hear him nam'd.

Attor. Your humble Servant Sir *Will. Belfond.* *Ex. Attorn.*

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, I have been at your Brothers houſe, and they ſay he is come to ſome Lawyers Chamber in the *Kings-Bench buildings.*

Sir Will. That's lucky enough : I'll walk here then, and do you watch. *Enter* Hackum, *and another Bully.* Who are theſe ? Some Inhabitants of *White-Fryers* ; ſome *Bullies* of *Alſatia.*

Hack. I was plaguy *Bowſy* laſt night with Squire *Belfond :* We had Fiddles, Whores, *Scour'd,* broke Windows, beat Watches, and roar'd like Thunder.

Bully. Ay, I heard you ?

Sir Will. What ſays he ? *aſide.*

Hack. He Drinks, Whores, Swears, Sings, Roars, Rants and Scours with the beſt of us.

Sir Will. Sir, with your favour, are you acquainted with young *Belfond ?*

Hack. Yes, that I am. What Country *Putt's* this ? *aſide.*

Sir Will. What Country-man is he Sir ?

Hack. Prithee, old *Frigſter,* why doſt ask ? He is a Northern man : He has a damn'd Ruſtick, miſerable Raſcal to his Father, who lives a naſty brutal life in the Country like a Swine : But the Squire will be even with him I warrant him.

Sir Will. I have ſomething to ſay to him if I could ſee him.

Hack. You, you old *Prigg,* you damn'd *Country Putt :* You have ſomewhat to ſay to him ! I am ready to give you ſatisfaction : *Lugg out* ; come you *Putt* : I'll make you *Scamper.*

Sir Will. Dee hear *Bully Raſcal,* put up and walk your way, or by Heaven I'li beat you as long as you are able to be beaten.

Bully. I'll ſtand by you : You may eaſily beat this old fellow.

Hack.

Hack. No man e're gave me ſuch words, but forfeited his life; I could *whip thee through the Lungs* immediately: But I'll deſiſt at preſent. Who the Devil would have thought this *Putt* durſt have drawn a Sword? Well Sir we ſhall take a time Sir, another time Sir.

Sir Will. You lye, you Raſcal; you will take no time. Here's a fine Companion of my Sons! *Exit Bully.*

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir Edw. Who's this I ſee? my Brother! Sir *William Belfond*! Your humble Servant. You are welcome into *England*. I look'd not for you theſe ſix weeks.

Sir Will. I landed at the *Temple-ſtairs* evên now: My man has been at your Houſe, and he heard there you were here.

Sir Edw. I hope you have done your buſineſs.

Sir Will. Beyond my Expectation.

Sir Edw. Has your Wives Brother done by you in his Will, as you would have had him.

Sir Will. Truly yes: He has made me ſole Executor, and left my two Sons 5000 *l.* apiece, to be paid at each of their days of Marriage, or at my Death.

Sir Edw. Well Brother, you are a happy man; for Wealth flows in upon you on every ſide, and Riches you account the greateſt happineſs.

Sir Will. I find that Wealth alone will not make happy. Ah Brother, I muſt confeſs it was a kindneſs in you, when Heaven had bleſt you with a great Eſtate by Merchandize, to adopt my Younger Son, and take him and breed him from his Childhood: But you have been ſo gentle to him, he is run into all manner of Vice and Riot; no bounds can hold him; no ſhame can ſtop him; no Laws nor Cuſtoms can reſtrain him.

Sir Edw. I am confident you are miſtaken: He has as fair a Reputation as any Gentleman about *London*: 'Tis true, he's a good fellow, but no Sot; he loves mirth and ſociety, without Drunkenneſs: He is, as all young Fellows I believe are, given to Women; but 'tis in private; and he is particular: no Common Whore-maſter: and in ſhort, keeps as good Company as any man in *England*.

Sir Will. Your over-weening makes you look through a falſe Glaſs upon him. Company! why he keeps Company for the Devil;

Devil: Had you come a minute ſooner, you might have ſeen two of his Companions; they were praiſing him for Roaring, Swearing, Ranting, Scouring, Whoring, beating Watches, breaking Windows: I but ask'd one of em if he knew him, and ſaid I had ſomewhat to ſay to him; the Rogue, the moſt ſeeming terrible of the two, told me, If I had any thing to ſay to Squire *Belfond*, he would give me ſatisfaction.

Sir Edw. What kind of fellow?

Sir Will. He came out of *White-Fryers*: He's ſome *Alſatian Bully*.

Sir Edw. 'Tis impoſſible; he never keeps ſuch Company.

Sir Will. The Rogue drew upon me: bid me *Lugg out*, call'd me *Old Prigg*, *Country Put*; and ſpoke a particular Language which ſuch Rogues have made to themſelves, call'd Canting, as Beggars, Gipſies, Thieves and Jayl-Birds do: But I made his Bullies go away very tamely at the ſight of my drawn Sword.

Sir Edw. I am ſure he keeps no ſuch Company: it muſt be ſome other of his Name.

Sir Will. You make me mad to excuſe him thus: The Town rings of him; You have ruin'd him by your Indulgence: Beſides, he throws away Money like Dirt; his Infamy is notorious.

Sir Edw. Infamy: Nay there you wrong him; he does no ungentleman-like things: Prithee conſider Youth a little: What if he does Wench a little; and now and then is ſomewhat extravagant in Wine? Where's the great Crime? All young fellows that have mettle in em will do the firſt; and if they have wit and good humour in em, in this drinking Country, they will ſometimes be forc'd upon the latter: And he muſt be a very dull phlegmatick Lump, whom Wine will not elevate to ſome Extravagance now and then.

Sir Will. Will you diſtract me? What are Drinking and Whoring no faults? His courſes will break my heart; they bring Tears into my Eyes ſo often.

Sir Edw. One would think you had been Drinking and were maudling: Think what we our ſelves did when we were young fellows: You were a Spark, would Drink, Scour and Wench with the beſt o'th' Town.

Sir Will. Ay, but I ſoon repented, married and ſettled.

Sir Edw. And turn'd as much to the other extreme: And now perhaps

perhaps I miſlike theſe faults, caus'd by his heat of Youth. But how do you know he may not be reclaim'd ſuddenly?

Sir Will. Reclaim'd? How can he be reclaim'd without ſeverity? You ſhould Cudgel him, and allow him no Money: make him not dare to offend you thus. Well, I have a Son whom by my ſtrictneſs I have form'd according to my heart: He never puts on his Hat in my preſence; Riſes at ſecond Courſe, takes away his Plate; ſays Grace, and ſaves me the Charge of a Chaplain. When ever he committed a fault, I maul'd him with Correction: I'd fain ſee him once dare to be extravagant: No, he's a good Youth, the Comfort of my Age; I weep for joy to think of him. Good Sir, learn to be a Father of him that is one: I have a Natural Care of him.

Sir Edw. You are his Father by Nature, I by Choice: I took him when he was a Child, and bred him up with gentleneſs, and that kind of Converſation that has made him my friend: He conceals nothing from me, or denies nothing to me. Rigour makes nothing but Hypocrites.

Sir Will. Perhaps when you begin late; but you ſhould have been ſevere to him in his Childhood: abridg'd him of Liberty and Money: and have had him ſoundly whipp'd often: he would have bleſt you for it afterwards.

Sir Edw. Too much ſtreightneſs in the minds of Youths, like too much lacing the Body, will make em grow Crooked.

Sir Will. But no lacing at all, will make them ſwell and grow Monſters.

Sir Edw. I muſt govern by Love. I had as leive govern a Dog as a Man if it muſt be by fear: This I take to be the difference between a good Father to Children, and a harſh Maſter over Slaves.

Sir Will. Yes, and ſee what your government is come to; his Vice and Prodigality will diſtract me.

Sir Edw. Why ſhould you be ſo concern'd? He is mine, is he not?

Sir Will. Yes, by Adoption, but he is mine by Nature.

Sir Edw. 'Tis all but Cuſtom.

Sir Will. Mine is a tender Care.

Sir Edw. Your paſſion blinds you: I have as tender care as you can have: I have been ever delighted with him from his Child

Childhood: He is endear'd to me by long cuſtom and familiarity. I have had all the pleaſure of a Father, without the drudgery of getting a Son upon a damn'd Wife, whom perhaps I ſhould wiſh hang'd.

Sir Will. And will you let him run on in his Lewdneſs and Prodigality?

Sir Edw. He is mine: If he offends, 'tis me: If he ſquanders away Money, 'tis mine; and what need you care? Pray take care of your own: If you will take care of this too, what do you but take him from me?

Sir Will. This you come to always! I take him from you: No, I'd not be troubled with him. Well, let him run on, and be ruin'd, hang'd and and damn'd---- I'll never ſpeak word more about him. Let him go on.

Sir Edw. This heat of youth will be allay'd e're long I warrant you.

Sir Will. No, no, let him go on, let him go on; I'll take care of my own at home: and happy were this Rake-hell if he would take Example by his Brother: But I ſay no more; I ha done; let him go on.

Sir Edw. Now you are angry, your paſſion runs away with you.

Sir Will. No no, I have done; what would you have more?

Sir Edw. Let us go and ſee him: I'll lay my life you'll find him peruſing ſome good Author; he ever ſpends his whole morning in ſtudy.

Sir Will. I muſt into the City, the firſt thing I do, and get my Bills accepted; and then if you will we'll ſee him: and no doubt but we ſhall find him peruſing of ſome Whore or other, inſtead of a Book.

Sir Edw. I am not of your Opinion: but I'll carry you in my Coach into the City, and then bring you back to him: He is of ſo good a diſpoſition: So much a Gentleman: And has ſuch worth and honour, that if you knew him as well as I, you'd love him as well as I do.

Sir Will. Well, well, I hear you Sir: I muſt ſend for my Son Poſt: I'll ſhew you a Son. Well, Heaven bleſs him, I ſhould be weary of this wicked World: but for the Comforts I find in him: Come along, I'll ſhew you a Son. *Ex. ambo.*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond *Junior, and* Lucia.

Belf. Jun. WHY doſt thou ſigh? and ſhow ſuch ſadneſs in thy looks? My pretty Miſs.

Lucia. Have I not reaſon?

Belf. Jun. Doſt thou miſlike thy entertainment?

Lucia. Ah Cruel *Belfond*, thou haſt undone me.

Belf. Jun. My pretty little Rogue, I ſooner wou'd undo my ſelf a thouſand times.

Luc. How I tremble to think what I ha done! I have made my ſelf for ever miſerable.

Belf. Jun. Oh ſay not ſo, dear Child: I'll kiſs thoſe tears from off thy Beauteous Eyes. But I ſhall wrong thy Cheeks, on which they fall like precious drops of dew on flowers.

Luc. Heaven! what have I done?

Belf. Jun. No more than what thy Mother did before thee: No more than thy whole Sex is born to do.

Luc. Oh had I thought you wou'd have been ſo Cruel, I never would have ſeen your face; I ſwear I would not.

Belf. Jun. I ſwear thou would'ſt, I know thou woul'dſt: Cruel! no Billing Turtle e're was kinder to his tender Mate; in Billing, Cooing, and in gentle Murmurs, we expreſt our kindneſs; and Coo'd and Murmur'd and Lov'd on.

Luc. The more unhappy Fool was I: go go, I hate you now.

Belf. Jun. Oh my ſweet little one; thou canſt not ſure be ſo unkind: Thoſe pretty Tell-tales of thy heart, thy Eyes, ſay better things.

Luc. Do they ſo? I'll be reveng'd on em for't: For they ſhall never ſee you more.

Belf. Jun. Ah ſay not ſo; I had rather much the Sun ſhould

never ſhine on me; than thou be hidden from my ſight: thou art not ſure in earneſt?

Luc. Yes ſure, I think I am.

Belf. Jun. No, my ſweet Love, I think thou art not.

Luc. Oh Lord, how ſhall I look! How ſhall I bear my ſelf! if any of my Friends ſhall fix their Eyes upon me, I ſhall look down and bluſh, and think they know all.

Belf. Jun. How many fair ones daily do the ſame, and look demurely as any Saints?

Luc. They are Confident things I warrant em.

Belf. Jun. Let Love be made familiar to thee, and thou wilt bear it better: Thou muſt ſee me every day. Canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted to forbear the ſight of me?

Luc. Perhaps I may deſire now and then a look, a ſight of thee at ſome diſtance: But I will never venture to come near thee more I vow.

Belf. Jun. Let me kiſs that Vow from off thy lips, while 'tis warm there. I have it here: 'Tis gone. Thou wilt not kill me ſure? Didſt thou not ſay thou lov'dſt me?

Luc. Yes, I lov'd too much; or this had never happen'd: I could not elſe have been undone.

Belf. Jun. Undone; thou art made: Woman is but half a Creature, till ſhe be joyn'd to man; now thou art whole and perfect.

Luc. Wicked man! Can I be ſo confident once to come near thee more?

Belf. Jun. Shouldſt thou but fail one day, I never ſhou'd ſurvive it; and then my Ghoſt will haunt thee. Canſt thou look on me, pretty Creature, and talk thus?

Luc. Well, go thy ways; that flattering Tongue, and thoſe Bewitching Eyes were made to ruine Womankind.

Belf. Jun. Could I but think thou wert in earneſt, theſe Arms ſhould claſp thee ever here: I'd never part with thee.

Luc. No no, now I muſt be gone: I ſhall be miſt: How ſhall I get home and not be known? Sure every body will diſcover me?

Belf. Jun. Thy Mask will cover all: There is a Chair below

in

in the Entry to carry thee, and ſet thee down where thou wilt.

Luc. Farewell, Dear Cruel man! And muſt I come to morrow morning ſay you? No no.

Belſ. Jun. Yes yes; to morrow and to morrow, and every morning of our lives; I dye elſe. *Enter Foot-boy.*

Foot. Sir your Singing-Maſter is coming.

Belſ. Jun. My Singing Maſter, Mr. *Solfa* is coming.

Luc. O Lord hide me! He is my Maſter, he'll know me! I ſhall not be able to go by him for trembling.

Belſ. Jun. Pretty Miſs, into the Cloſet: I'll diſpatch him ſoon. *Goes in.*

Enter Singing Maſter and his Daughter.

Come Maſter, let your Daughter ſing the Song you promis'd me.

Solfa. Come *Betty.* Pleaſe to put in a Flute Sir.

Belſ. Jun. Come on.

Song with two Flutes and a thorough Baſe.

The Expoſtulation.

Still wilt thou ſigh, and ſtill in vain
A cold neglectful Nymph adore;
No longer fruitleſly complain,
But to thy ſelf thy ſelf reſtore.
In Youth thou caught'ſt this fond diſeaſe,
And ſhouldſt abandon it in age;
Some other Nymph as well may pleaſe,
Abſence or bus'neſs diſingage.

On tender hearts the wounds of Love,
Like thoſe imprinted on young Trees,
Or kill at firſt, or elſe they prove
Larger b' inſenſible degrees.
Buſineſs I try'd, ſhe fill'd my mind;
On others Lips my Dear I kiſt;
But never ſolid Joy could find,
Where I my charming Sylvia *miſt.*

Long Abſence, like a Greenland *night,*
Made me but wiſh for Sun the more;
And that inimitable light,
She, none but ſhe, could e're reſtore.

She never once regards thy Fire,
Nor ever vents one ſigh for thee.
I muſt the Glorious Sun admire,
Though he can never look on me.

Look well, you'll find ſhe's not ſo rare,
Much of her former Beauty's gone;
My Love her Shadow larger far
Is made by her declining Sun.
What if her Glories faded be,
My former wounds I muſt indure;
For ſhould the Bow unbended be,
Yet that can never help the Cure.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis very eaſie and natural: Your Daughter ſings delicately. *Enter* Truman.

Tru. Belfond, good morrow to thee: I ſee thou ſtill tak'ſt care to melt away thy hours in ſoft delights.

Belf. Jun. Honeſt *Truman*! All the pleaſures and diverſions we can invent, are little enough to make the Farce of Life go down.

Tru. And yet what a Coil they keep: How buſie and induſtrious are thoſe who are reckon'd grave and wiſe, about this Life, as if there were ſomething in it.

Belf. Jun. Thoſe Fools are in earneſt, and very ſolid; they think there's ſomething in't, while Wiſe men know there's nothing to be done here but to make the beſt of a bad Market.

Tru. You are mighty Philoſophical this morning. But ſhall I not hear one Song as well as you?

Belf. Jun. Have you ſet that Ode in *Horace*?

Solfa. I have.

Belf. Jun. Then I hope you will be encourag'd to ſet more of em; we then ſhall be ſure of Wit and Muſick together: While you great Muſicians do often take moſt pains about the ſillieſt words. Prithee *Truman* ſing it.

Tru. ſings. *Integer vitæ Sceleriſque purus*, &c. Hor. Ode 22. *l.* 1.

Belf. Jun. Very well; you have oblig'd me: Pleaſe to accept of this. And Madam, you ſhall give me leave to ſhew my gratitude by a ſmall Preſent.

Solfa and Daught. Your Servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Tru.

Tru. You are ſo immoderately given to Muſic; methinks it ſhould juſtle Love out of your thoughts.

Belf. Jun. Oh no! Remember *Shakeſpear*; If Muſick be the Food of Love, Play on——There's nothing nouriſhes that ſoft paſſion I ke it, it imps his Wings, and makes him fly a higher pitch. But prithee tell me what news of our dear Miſtreſſes? I never yet was ſo ſincerely in Love as with my pretty Hypocrite; There is Fire in thoſe Eyes that ſtrikes like Lightning: What a conſtant Church-man ſhe has made of me?

Tru. And mine has made an entire Conqueſt of me: 'Tis the moſt charming pretty Creature, that e're my Eyes beheld.

Belf. Jun. Let us not fall out, like the Heroes in the Rehearſal, for not being in Love with the ſame Woman.

Tru. Nothing could be ſo fortunate as our difference in this caſe: The only one we diſagree in.

Belf. Jun. Thou art in the right: Mine has ſo charm'd me, I am content to abandon all other pleaſures, and live alone for her; ſhe has ſubdu'd me even to Marriage.

Tru. Mine has no leſs vanquiſh'd me; I'll render upon diſcretion. Ah Rogue *Belfond*, I ſee by your Bed, for all your Conſtant Love, you have had a Wench this night.

Belf. Jun. Peace peace, man: 'Tis dangerous to faſt too long, for fearing of loſing an appetite quite.

Tru. You are a ſincere honeſt Lover indeed.

Belf. Jun. Faith *Truman*, we may talk of mighty matters; of our Honeſty and Morality; but a young Fellow carries that about him that will make him a Knave now and then in ſpite of his Teeth. Beſides, I am afraid 'tis impoſſible for us prophane fellows to ſucceed in that Sanctify'd Family.

Tru. You will not ſay ſo, when you know what progreſs I have made in our affairs already.

Belf. Jun. Thou reviv'ſt my drooping hopes: Tell me, are we like to ſucceed! Oh if I can but prevail upon my little pretty Churchwoman, I am reſolv'd to conform to her for ever.

Tru. Look under my Coat: Am I not well habited? with a plain Band, Bob Peruke, and no Cuffs.

Belf. Jun. Verily, like one of the pure ones.

Tru. Yea; and our frequenting of Sermons and Lectures, (which Heaven

Heaven knows we did out of no good, but for the ſake of theſe little ones) has us'd me to their ſtile: Thus qualify'd, I got acceſs into the Houſe, having found that their Governante is Siſter to a Weaver in the Weſt, whom I know; I pretended to be her Couſin, and to bring a Token ſent to her by her Brother, and was very welcome to her.

Belf. Jun. Moſt fortunate: Why does he keep em ſo ſtrictly? Never to ſee the face of Man?

Tru. Be not troubled at that, 'twill forward our deſign; they'll be the more earneſt to be deliver'd. But no *Italian* Women are ſo cloſely confin'd; the pure Knave intends to ſell em: Even his Daughter, who has a good Fortune left her by a Widow, that was her Aunt: And for his Neece, he has as good as agreed already with your Father for 5000 *l.* to marry her to your Brother in the Country: Her Unkle gave her 20000 *l.* and this is the reaſon of Confining em; for fear of loſing the Money.

Belf. Jun. With my Father ſay ye?

Tru. Moſt certain: This I learnt out of Madam Governante, at the firſt enterview.

Belf. Jun. This is a very odd Accident: 'Twill make my difficulty greater.

Tru. Not at all: As Lyers are always readieſt to believe Lyes, I never knew an Hypocrite but might eaſily be cozen'd by another Hypocrite. I have made my way, and I warrant thee a good event. I intend to grow great with the Father.

Belf. Jun. Thy Sanguine temper makes thee always hope in every Enterprize.

Tru. You might obſerve, whenever we ſtar'd upon em, they would ſteal a look at us; by ſtealth have often twiſted Eye-beams with us.

Belf. Jun. The ſowre and devout look indeed ſeems but put on: There is a pretty warmth and tenderneſs in their Eyes, that now and then gilds o're the godly look; like the Suns light, when breaking through a Cloud, it ſwiftly glides upon a Field of Corn.

Tru. The Air of their Faces plainly ſhow they have Wit, that muſt deſpiſe thoſe trifling forms; their preciſe looks moſt ſurely are conſtrain'd.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Belf. Jun. How, Madam *Termagant* here! then we ſhall have fine work. What wind blows you hither.

Term. How dare you think that I of all womankind ſhould be us'd thus?

Belf. Jun. You mean not us'd; that's your Grievance.

Term. Good Mr. Diſdain; I ſhall ſpoyl your ſcoffing: Has my Love deſerv'd to be thus ſlighted? I that have refus'd Princes for your ſake? Did not all the Town court me? And muſt I chooſe ſuch an ungrateful Wretch?

Belf. Jun. When you were firſt in ſeaſon, you were a little courted by ſome of Quality: Miſtreſſes, like Green Peaſe, at firſt coming are only had by the Rich, but afterwards they come to every Body.

Term. Curſe on your ſawcy ſimiles: Was not I yours, and only yours.

Belf. Jun. I had not faith enough for that; but if you were, I never had any that was mine and only mine, but I made em all mankinds before I had done.

Term. Ah Traytor! And you muſt pick me out to make this baſe Example of: Muſt I be left?

Belf. Jun. Left! Yes ſure, Left! Why you were not marry'd to me: I took no Leaſe of your frail Tenement: I was but Tenant at my own will.

Term. Inſolent! How dare you thus provoke my Fury? Was ever Womans Love like mine to thee? Perfidious man! *weeps.*

Belf. Jun. So: after the Thunder, thus the heat drops fall.

Term. No; I ſcorn that thou ſhouldſt bring Tears into my Eyes.

Belf. Jun. Why do you come to trouble me?

Term. Since I can pleaſe no longer, I'll come to plague thee; and if I dye before thee, my Ghoſt ſhall haunt thee.

Belf. Jun. Indeed your Love was moſt particular with ſpitting and ſcratching, like Caterwauling: And in the beſt of humours you were ever murmuring and complaining: Oh my Head akes: I am ſo ſick: And Jealous to madneſs too.

Term. Oh Devil incarnate!

Tru. Belfond, thou art the moſt ungentle Knight alive.

Term. Methinks the pretty Child I have had by you ſhould make you leſs inhumane.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. Let me have it ; I'll breed it up.

Term. No, thou ſhalt never have it while thou liveſt. I'll pull it Limb from Limb e're thou ſhalt have it.

Belf. Jun. This is ſo unnatural, that you will make me ſo far from thinking it mine, that I ſhall not believe it yours : But that you have put a falſe Child upon me.

Term. Unworthy Wretch.

Belf. Jun. When thou art old enough, thy malice and ill humour will qualifie thee for a Witch ; but thou hadſt never Douceurs enough in thy Youth to fit thee for a Miſtreſs.

Term. How dare you provoke me thus ? For what little Dirty Wench am I thus us'd ? If ſhe be above ground I'll find her, and tear her Eyes out. Hah——By the Bed I ſee the Devil has been here to night——Oh oh, I cannot bear it. *Falls into a Fit.*

Tru. Belfond, help the Lady for ſhame ; lay hold on her.

Belf. Jun. No no, let her alone ; ſhe will not hurt herſelf I warrant thee : She is a rare Actor : She acts a fit of the Mother the beſt of any one in *England*. Ha ha ha.

Tru. How canſt thou be ſo cruel ?

Belf. Jun. What a Devil ſhould I do ? if a man lies once with a Woman, is he bound to do it for ever ?

Term. Oh oh.

Belf. Jun. Very well faith : Admirably well acted.

Term. Is it ſo ? Devil, Devil : i'll ſpoil your *Point de Venice* for you. *Flies at him.*

Belf. Jun. Will you force me to make my Footman turn you out ? *Enter Footman.*

Foot. Sir, Your Father and your Unkle are coming hither.

Bell. Jun. Sdeath my Father ! 'Tis impoſſible.

Foot. By Heaven 'tis true ; they are coming up by this time.

Belf. Jun. Look you Madam, you may if you will ruine me ; and put me out of all means of doing for you or your Child : Try me once more, and get into the Bed and cover your ſelf with the Quilt, or I am undone.

Term. Villain, you deſerve to be ruin'd : But I love my Child too well.

Tru. For Heavens ſake hide your ſelf in the Bed quickly.

Term. No no, I'll run into the Cloſet.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell! I am ruin'd: There's a young Girl there; ſhe'll make yet a worſe uproar.

Tru. Peace, let me alone. Madam, whatever happens, ruine not your ſelf and Child inevitably.

Enter Sir William Belfond, *Sir* Edward, *and Servants.*

Sir Edw. Ned, good morrow to thee.

Belf. Jun. Your Bleſſing Sir.

Sir Edw. Heaven bleſs thee. Here's one unexpected.

Belf. Jun. My Father! I beg your Bleſſing Sir.

Sir Will. Heaven mend you: it can never bleſs you in the leud courſe you are in.

Belf. Jun. You are miſinform'd Sir; my courſes are not ſo leud as you imagine.

Sir Will. Do you ſee; I am miſinform'd: He'll give me the lye.

Belf. Jun. I would firſt bite my Tongue in pieces, and ſpit it at you: Whatever little heats of Youth I have been guilty of, I doubt not but in a ſhort time to pleaſe you fully.

Sir Edw. Well ſaid *Ned:* I dare ſwear thou wilt.

Sir Will. Good Brother Credulous: I thank Heaven I am not ſo. You were not drunk laſt night with Bullies, and roar'd and ranted, ſcour'd, broke Windows, beat the Watch, broke open a Houſe, and forc'd away a Wench in *Salisbury-Court.* This is a fine life. Theſe he calls heats of Youth.

Belf. Jun. I was at home by Eight a Clock laſt night, and ſupp'd at home; and never keep ſuch Company.

Sir Will. No no; you are not call'd Squire *Belfond* by the Scoundrels your Companions? 'Twas not you: No no.

Belf. Jun. Not I upon my faith; I never keep ſuch Company or do ſuch actions: If any one ſhould call me Squire I'd break his Head: Some Raſcal has uſurp'd my Name.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, what would you have? This muſt be ſome miſtake.

Sir Will. What a Devil! You believe this too? Ounds! you make me mad! Is there any of our Name in *England* but our ſelves? Does he think to flam me with a Lye?

Belf. Jun. I ſcorn a Lye, 'tis the baſeſt thing a Gentleman can be guilty of: All my Servants can teſtifie I ſtirr'd not out laſt night.

Tru. I assure you Sir, he was not abroad last night.

Sir Will. You assure me! Who are you? one of his hopeful Companions! No, your Clothes are not good enough, you may be his Pimp.

Tru. You are the Father of my Friend, an old Gentleman, and a little mad.

Sir Will. Old! Walk down; I'll try your youth: I'll fight with the bravest Ruffian he keeps company with.

Sir Edw. Brother! Are you mad? Has the Country robb'd you of all good manners, and common sense?

Sir Will. I had a Bout with two of your Bullies in the *Temple-walks.*

Belf. Jun. Whom does he mean? This is a Gentleman of Estate and Quality; He has above 2000 *l.* a year.

Sir Edw. You are a mad man: I am asham'd of you. Sir, I beseech you pardon my Brothers Passion, which transports him beyond Civility.

Belf. Jun. I know you will for my sake.

Tru. He is the Father of my dearest Friend; I shall be glad to serve him.

Sir Edw. Will you never be of age of Discretion? For shame use me, your Son, and every Body better.

Sir Will. Well, I must be run down like a tame Puppy.

Luc. within. Murder, murder; Help, help; ah, ah!

Belf. Jnn. Oh this damn'd She Devil. Termagant *pulls* Lucia *out by the hair; they part em.*

Term. I'll make you an Example: Will you see him whether I will or no, you young Whore!

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a fine Son! Here's your breeding! Here's a pretty Son! Here's a delicate Son! Here's a dainty Son!

Sir Edw. If he be mad, will you be madder?

Belf. Jun. Turn out this She Bear; turn her out to the Rabble!

Term. Revenge, you Villain, Revenge. *Exit* Term. *and Foot.*

Belf. Jun. Dear Friend, prithee see this innocent Girl safe in the Chair, from that outragious Strumpets fury. *Exit* Tru. *and* Lucy.

Sir Will. Here's a Son, here's a Son! Very well; make much of him: Here's the effect of Whoring.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. No Sir, 'tis the effect of not Whoring: This Rage is becauſe I have caſt her off.

Sir Will. Yes yes, for a younger; a ſweet Reformation! Let me not ſee your Face, nor hear you ſpeak; you will break my heart.

Belf. Jun. Sir, the young Girl was never here before; ſhe brought me Linnen from the *Exchange*.

Sir Will. A fine Bawd her Miſtreſs in the mean time.

Belf. Jun. This furious Wench coming in to rail at me for my leaving her, I was forc'd to put the other into that Cloſet; and at your coming up, againſt my will, this run into the ſame Cloſet.

Sir Will. Sirrah, moſt audacious Rogue, do you ſham me? Do you think you have your Unkle to deal with? Avoid my preſence Sirrah: Get you out Sirrah.

Belf. Jun. I am ſorry I offended: I obey. *Exit* Belf. Jun.

Sir Will. I could have found in my heart to have Cudgell'd him.

Sir Edw. Shame of our Family; you behave your ſelf ſo like a Mad-man and a Fool, you will be begg'd: Theſe fits are more extravagant than any thing he can be guilty of. Do you give your Son the words of Command you uſe to Dogs?

Sir Will. Juſtifie him, do! He's an excellent Son! a very pretty Son! a delicate Son! a virtuous Son! a diſcreet Son! he is.

Sir Edw. Pray uſe me better, or I'll aſſure you, we muſt never ſee one another. Beſides, I ſhall entail my Eſtate for want of Iſſue by this Son here, upon another Family, if you will treat me thus.

Sir Will. What ſays he? *aſide.* Well Brother I ha done: His lewdneſs diſtracted me! Oh my poor Boy in the Country; I long to ſee him, the great ſupport of my declining Age.

Sir Edw. Let us calmly reaſon: What has your breeding made of him (with your Patience) but a Blockhead?

Sir Will. A Blockhead! When he comes the World ſhall judge which of us has been the wiſer in the Education of a Son: A Blockhead? Why he knows a ſample of any Grain as well as e're a fellow in the North: Can handle a Sheep or Bullock as

well as any one: Knows his ſeaſons of Plowing, Sowing, Harrowing, laying fallow: Underſtands all ſorts of Manure: And ne're a one that wears a Head can wrong him in a Bargain.

Sir Edw. A very pretty fellow, for a Gentlemans Baily.

Sir Will. For his own Baily, and to be a rich——

Sir Edw. Swine, and live as naſtily; and keep worſe Company than Beaſts in a Forreſt.

Sir Will. He knows no Vice, poor Boy.

Sir Edw. He will have his turn to know it then; as ſure as he will have the Small Pox; and then he'll be fond on't, when his Brother has left it.

Sir Will I defy the Omen: he never Whores, nor Drinks hard, but upon deſign, as driving a Bargain, or ſo; and that I allow him.

Sir Edw. So: Knaviſh and deſigning Drunkenneſs you allow; but not good fellowſhip for mirth and converſation.

Sir Will. Now Brother, pray what have you made your Son good for, with your breeding you ſo much boaſt of? Let's hear that now: Come on, let's hear.

Sir Edw. Firſt, I bred him at *Weſtminſter-School*, till he was Maſter of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; then I kept him at the Univerſity, where I inſtructed him to read the Noble *Greek* and *Roman* Authors.

Sir Will. Well, and what uſe can he make of the Noble *Greek* and *Latin*, but to prate like a Pedant, and ſhew his parts over a Bottle?

Sir Edw. To make a man fit for the Converſation of Learned Gentlemen is one noble end of Study: But thoſe Authors make him wiſer and honeſter, Sir, to boot.

Sir Will. Wiſer! Will he ever get Six-pence, or improve or keep his Eſtate by em?

Sir Edw. Mean Notions: I made him well vers'd in Hiſtory.

Sir Will. That's a pretty ſtudy indeed: How can there be a true Hiſtory, when we ſee no man living is able to write truly the Hiſtory of the laſt week?

Sir Edw. He by the way read Natural Philoſophy, and had inſight enough in the Mathematicks.

Sir Will. Natural Philoſophy! knows nothing: Nor would I give

give a fart for any Mathematician, but a Carpenter, Bricklayer, Meaſurer of Land, or Sailor.

Sir Edw. Some moderate skill in it will uſe a man to reaſon cloſely.

Sir Will. Very pretty: Reaſon! Can he Reaſon himſelf into ſix Shillings by all this?

Sir Edw. He needs it not: But to go on; after three years I remov'd him from the Univerſity (leſt he ſhould have too ſtrong a tincture of it) to the *Temple*; there I got a modeſt learned Lawyer, of little practice, for want of Impudence; and there are ſeveral ſuch that want, while empty impudent fellows thrive and ſwagger at the Bar: This man I got to inſtruct my Son in ſome old Common Law Books, the Statutes, and the beſt Pleas of the Crown, and the Conſtitution of the old true *Engliſh* Government.

Sir Will. Does he get a Shilling by all this? But what a Devil made you ſend him into *France*, to make an arrant vain Coxcomb of him?

Sir Edw. There he did all his manly Exerciſes; ſaw two Campaigns; ſtudied Hiſtory; Civil Laws, and Laws of Commerce; the Language he ſpoke well e're he went. He made the Tour of *Italy*, and ſaw *Germany*, and the Low Countries, and return'd well skill'd in Foreign Affairs, and a Compleat accompliſh'd *Engliſh* Gentleman.

Sir Will. And to know nothing of his own Eſtate, but how to ſpend it: my poor Boy has travell'd to better purpoſe: for he has travell'd all about my Lands, and knows every Acre and Nook, and the value of it: There's travel for you! Poor Boy.

Sir Edw. And he enjoys ſo little of that Eſtate he ſees, as to be impatient for your Death: I dare ſwear mine wiſhes my Life, next to his own. I have made him a Compleat Gentleman, fit to ſerve his Country in any Capacity.

Sir Will. Serve his Country! Pox on his Country: 'Tis a Country of ſuch Knaves, 'tis not worth the ſerving: All thoſe who pretend to ſerve it, mean nothing but themſelves. But amongſt all things, how came you to make him a Fiddler, always Fluting or Scraping? I had as leive hear a Jews-Harp.

Sir Edw. I love Muſick: Beſides I would have young Gentlemen have as many helps to ſpend their time alone as can be; moſt

moſt of our Youth are ruin'd by having Time lye heavy on their hands, which makes them run into any baſe Company to ſhun themſelves.

Sir Will. And all this Gentlemans Education is come to Drinking, Whoring and Debauchery. *Enter Servant to Sir* William.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Scrapeall* is at your Attorneys Chamber in the *Temple*, and deſires to diſcourſe you.

Sir Will. Brother, I muſt go: I ſhall tell you when I ſee you next, what is my Buſineſs with him.

Sir Edw. Be ſure to Dine with me.

Sir Will. I will—————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Belfond *Senior*, Shamwell, Cheatly, Hackum, Lolpoop, French Valet, *two Footmen*, *at the* George, *in* White-Friers.

Cheat. Now thou look'ſt like an Heir indeed, my Lad: when thou cam'ſt up thou hadſt the Scurvy Phiz of a meer *Country Put*--He did thee a kindneſs that took thee for a Chief Conſtable.

Sham. Now thou ſhineſt, Couſin, like a true *Belfond!* What 3000 *l.* a year entailed, and live like a Butcher, or Grazier, in the Country?

Hack. Give you joy, noble Sir, now you look like a true Gallant Squire.

Lolp. Like a Squire, like a Puppy by th' Maſs: Odsfleſh, what will the awd man ſay; he'll be ſtark wood.

Belf. Senior. Well, I was the fortunat'ſt man to light upon ſuch true, ſuch real Friends: I had never known any Breeding or Gentility without you.

Sham. You buried all your good parts in a ſordid Swiniſh life in the North.

Belf. Senior. My Father kept me in ignorance, and would have made a very ſilly Blockheadly *Put* of me: Why, I never heard a Gentleman Banter, or cut a Sham in my life before I ſaw you, nor ever heard ſuch ingenious Diſcourſe.

Hack. Nay, the World knows Mr. *Cheatly*, and Mr. *Shamwell*, are as Compleat Gentlemen as ever came within the *Fryers*: And yet we have as fine Gentlemen as any in *England*; we have thoſe here who have broke for a 100000 *l.*

Belf. Senior. Well, I proteſt and vow, I am ſo very fine, I do not know where to look upon my ſelf firſt: I don't think my Lord Mayor's Son is finer. *Cheat.*

Cheat. He is a Scoundrel compar'd to thee: There's ne'r a *Prigg* at Court out-ſhines thee. Thou ſhalt ſtrut in the *Park*, where Counteſſes ſhall be enamour'd on thee.

Belf. Senior. I am overjoy'd: I can ſtand no ground: My dear friend *Cheatly*! My ſweet Couſin *Shamwell!* Let me embrace ſuch dear, ſuch loving friends: I could grow to you, methinks, and ſtick here for ever. *They embrace.*

Lolp. Ah! Dear loving Dogs! They love him by'r Lady, as a Cat loves a Mauſe.

Belf. Senior. What's that you mutter, Sirra? Come hither, Sirra! you are finer than any Squire in the Country.

Lolp. Pox of finery, I ſay; yeow maken a meer Aſs, an Owl o' mee: Here are Sleeves fit for nought but a Miller to ſteule with when he takes Tole: and damn'd Cuffs here, one cannot dip ones Meat ith Sawce for them: Odsfleſh, give me my awd Cloths againe; would I were a whome in my Frock, dreſſing of my Geldings; poor *Titts*, they wanten me dearly, I warrant a.

Belf. Sen. Well, there's no making a Whiſtle of a Pigs Tail; This Puppy will never learn any breeding. Sirrah, behold me: here's Rigging for you; Here's a *Nabb*: you never ſaw ſuch a one in your life.

Cheat. A *rum Nab*: it is a Beaver of 5 *l.*

Belf. Sen. Look you there Blockhead.

Lolp. Look yeow there Blockhead I ſay. *aſide.*

Hack. Let me ſee your *Porker*: Here's a *Porker*; here's a *Tilter*: Hah ha. Oh how I could *whip a Prigſter through the Lungs!* Ha ha. *Thruſts at* Lolpoop.

Cheat. It coſt ſixteen Louydors in *Paris.*

Hack. Ha, ha. *He puſhes towards* Lolpoop.

Lolp. Hawd you, hawd you: And I tak kibbo, I'ſt raddle the Bones o' thee; Iſe tell a that: for aw th'art a Captain mun.

Belf. Sen. Look Sirrah, here's a ſhow you Rogue: Here's a ſight of *Cole*, *Darby*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*, you Raſcal, you underſtand me not; you Loggerhead, you ſilly *Put*, you underſtand me not: Here are *Meggs* and *Smelts*: I ne're had ſuch a ſight of my own in my life. Here are more *Meggs* and *Smelts*, you Rogue; you underſtand me not.

Lolp. By'r Lady not I: I underſtand not this South-Country ſpeech not I. *Belf.*

Belf. Sen. Ah methinks I could tumble in em. But dee hear *Putt*, *Putt*, *Putt*, Sirrah. Here's a *Scout*: What's a Clock? what's a Clock Sirrah. Here's a *Tatler*; Gold, all Gold, you Rogue. Look on my finger Sirrah, look here: Here's a *Famble*, *Putt*, *Putt*: You don't know what a *Famble*, a *Scout* or a *Tatler* is, you *Putt*.

Lolp. Fine ſights for my awd Maſter! Marry woud I were ſent from Conſtable to Conſtable, and whipt whom again by'r Lady,

Belf. Sen. Let's whett: bring ſome Wine. Come on: I love a Whett: Pray let's huzza: I love huzzaing mightily: But where's your Lady, Captain, and the *Blowing*, that is to be my *Natural*. my *Convenient*, my *Pure*. *Enter Servant with Bottles.*

Hack. They'r juſt coming in. Come *Betty*.

Enter Mrs. Hackum *and Mrs.* Margaret.

Mrs. Hack. Come in Mrs. *Margaret*, come.

Marg. I am ſo aſham'd.

Belf. Senior. Madam, your Servant; I am very much oblig'd to your favours.

Mrs. Hack. I ſhall be proud to do a Gentleman, like you, any ſervice that lies in my power, as a Gentlewoman.

Belf. Senior. Oh Lord, Madam, your moſt humble Servant to Command: My pretty *Blowing* let me kiſs thee: Thou ſhalt be my *Natural*: I muſt manage thee. She is a *Pure Blowing*. My pretty Rogue—how happy ſhall I be? Pox o' the Country I ſay. Madam *Hackum*, to teſtify my gratitude, I make bold to *Equip* you with ſome *Meggs*, *Smelts*, *Decus's* and *Georges*.

Mrs. Hack. I am your faithful Servant, and I ſhall be glad of any occaſion whereby to expreſs how ready I am to ſerve any Gentleman, or perſon of Quality, as becomes a Gentlewoman; and upon honour Sir, you ſhall never find me tardy.

Cheat. Come on Sirra, fill up all the Glaſſes; a Health to this pretty Lady.

Belf. Sen. Ay, and i'faith I'le drink it, pretty Rogue.

Sham. Let them be *Facers*.

Belf. Sen. Facers! What are thoſe? Nay, give the Lady and the Captains Lady too.

Marg. No, I cannot drink, I am not dry.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hack. Give it me.

Sham. There's a *Facer* for you. *Drinks the Glaſs clear off, and puts it to his Face.*

Belf. Sen. Excellent adad! Come to our *Facers.* *All do the like.* It is the prettieſt way of Drinking: Fill again, we'll have more *Facers.* *Fiddles flouriſh without.* Ha Boys! the Muſicians are come. Ha Boys, we'll ſing, dance, roar, fling the houſe out of the Windows; and I will *manage* my pretty *Natural*, my *pure Blowing* here. Huzza: My dear Friends, *Shamwell* and *Cheatly*, I am tranſported! My pretty *Natural:* Kiſs me, kiſs me. Huzza.

Marg. Nay puh, you do ſo ruffle ones things.

Belf. Sen. I'll ruffle thee more, my little Rogue, before I have done with thee. Well, I ſhall never make you amends, my dear Friends. Sirrah, *Lolpoop*, is not this better than the Country, Sirrah? Give the Rogue a *Facer* to my Miſtreſs. Come, fill about the *Facers.* Come on, my Lads, ſtand to't. Huzza. I vow 'tis the prettieſt way of Drinking, never ſtir!

Enter four Servants with four Diſhes of Meat, who croſs the Stage.

Cheat. So here's the *Prog*, here's the Dinner coming up; the Cloath's laid in the next room: Here's a noble Dinner.

Belf. Sen. Ha Boys, we'll ſing and roar, and Huzza, like Devils.

Enter Sir William Belfond *at the Door.*

Ounds! Who's here? my Father! *Lolpoop, Lolpoop*, hide me: give me my *Joſeph.* Let's ſneak into the next Room.

Sham. Death! What ſhall we do? This is the Bully's Father.

Cheat. Let me alone: I warrant you.

Hack. This is the old Fellow I had like to have had a Rubbers with in the morning.

Sir Will. Is he fallen into theſe hands? Nay, then he's utterly loſt: His Eſtate is ſpent before he has it.

Cheat. How now *Prigg*, what makes you come into our Room?

Sir Will. I would ſpeak with Squire *Belfond.*

Cheat. Here's no ſuch man.

Sir Will. Oh *Bully*, are you there? and my ungracious kinſman too? would you bring my Son to the Gallows! you moſt notorious ſeducer of young heirs, I know you too. I warrant

you I'll keep my dear Boy in the Country far enough from your Clutches. In ſhort, I wou'd ſpeak with my Rebellious Town-Son, who is here, and beſpoke this great Dinner.

Cheat. bantering. Why look you Sir, according to your Aſſertion of things doubtful in themſelves; you muſt be forc'd to grant that whatſoever may be, may alſo as well not be, in their own eſſential differences and degrees.

Sir Will. What ſtuff's this? Where's my Son?

Cheat. Your queſtion conſiſts of two terms: the one *ubi*, where: But of that I ſhall ſay nothing, becauſe here is no Son, nor any thing belonging to you, to be the ſubject matter of debate, at this time; foraſmuch as--------

Sir Will. Do you hear me Sir, let me ſee my Son; and offer to Banter me, or Sham me once more, and I will cut your Throat, and Cudgel your brace of Cowards.

Cheat. Nay, then 'tis time to take a courſe with you. Help, help; an Arreſt, an arreſt; a Baily, a Baily.

Hack. & Sham. An Arreſt, an Arreſt.

Sir Will. You Dogs? Am I a Baily?

Cheat. You ſhall be us'd like one, you old *Prigg*. An Arreſt.

Sir *Will.* Impudent Dogs! I muſt run, or I ſhall be pull'd in pieces. Help, help, an Arreſt, an Arreſt.

All cry out an Arreſt: Drawers, and ſome of the Rabble come in, and join with the Cry, which gets into the ſtreet; there they cry out too: He joins the Cry, and runs away: Cheat. Sham. Hack. *Drawers follow him, and cry out, ſtop, ſtop, a Baily.*

Cheat. Sham. Hack. in the ſtreet. Stop, ſtop, a Baily, a Baily.

Sir William *runs, the Rabble purſue him croſs the Stage.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. AS I told you, I have had a Child by him; he is my Husband by Contract; and casts me off: Has dishonour'd me, and made me infamous. Shall you think to Game and Bully about the Town, and not vindicate the honour of your Family?

Brother. No man shall dare to dishonour our Family.

Enter Belfond *Junior.*

Term. If you do not cut his Throat, you'll be kickt up and down for a Damn'd Coward: And besides you shall never see a penny of mine more.

Brother. I'll fight him an be above ground.

Term. There, there's the Traytor, walking before his Unkles door: Be sure dispatch him: on, I'll withdraw. *Exit.*

Brother. Do you hear Sir, do you know Mrs. *Termagant*?

Belf. Jun. What makes you ask such a familiar question Sir?

Brother. I am her Brother.

Belf. Jun. Perhaps so: Well, I do? What then Sir?

Brother. Ours is as ancient a Family as any in *England*, tho perhaps unfortunate at present: The *Termagants* came in with the Conqueror.

Belf. Jun. It may be so: I am no Herald.

Brother. And do you think you shall dishonour this Family, and debauch my Sister unchastiz'd? you are contracted to her, and have lain with her.

Belf. Jun. Look you Sir, I see what you would be at: She's mad, and puts you upon this: Let me advise you, 'tis a foolish quarrel.

Brother. You debauch'd her, and have ruin'd her.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis false; the silliest Coxcombly Beau in Town had the first of her.

Brother. You have had a Child by her.

Belf. Jun. Then I have added one to your Ancient Family that came in with the *Normans:* Prithee do not provoke me to take away one from it.

Brother. You are contracted to her; and if you will marry her I will ſave your life.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Lye; I am not contracted to her: Be gone, urge me no more.

Brother. Draw.

Belf. Jun. Have at you. *Enter* Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, hold: Oh my Son, my Son! What's the matter? my dear Son, art thou not hurt? let me ſee. Belf. *ſtrikes up his heels, and diſarms him.*

Belf. Jun. No Sir, not at all, dear Sir. Here take your Sword, and be gone: Next time you come to trouble me, I'll cut your throat. *Exit Brother.*

Sir *Edw.* What's the matter, dear *Ned?* This is about ſome Wench I warrant.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Brother of that furious Wench you ſaw Sir; her violent Love is converted into hatred.

Sir *Edw.* You young fellows will never get Knowledge but at your own coſt; the Precepts of the old weigh nothing with you.

Belf. Jun. Your precepts have been ever ſacred to me; and ſo ſhall your example be henceforward: You are the beſt of men; the beſt of Fathers: I have as much honour for you as I can have for humane Nature: And I love you ten thouſand times above my life.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Ned*, thou art the greateſt joy I have: And believe thy Father, and thy Friend, there's nothing but Anxiety in Vice: I am not ſtreight Lac'd; but when I was young, I ne'r knew any thing gotten by Wenching, but Duels, Claps, and Baſtards: And every drunken fit is a ſhort madneſs, that cuts off a good part of Life.

Belf. Jun. You have Reaſon Sir, and ſhall ever be my Oracle hereafter.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis time now to take up, and think of being ſomething in the World: See then, my Son, tho thou ſhouldſt not be over buſie, to ſide with Parties and with Factions, yet that thou

thou takeſt a care to make ſome figure in the World, and to ſuſtain that part thy Fortune, Nature, and thy Education fit thee for.

Belf. Jun. Your wiſe advice I'll ſtrive to follow: But I muſt confeſs, I am moſt paſſionately in Love, and am with your conſent, reſolv'd to Marry: Tho' I will periſh e'er I do't without it.

Sir Edw. Be ſure to know the humour of the Woman; you run a mighty hazard: But if you be valiant enough to venture, (which, I muſt confeſs, I never was.) I'll leave it to your own choice: I know you have ſo much honour, you will do nothing below your ſelf.

Belf. Jun. I doubt not of your Approbation; but till I can be ſure of obtaining her: Pardon me if I conceal her Name.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Edw. Your Father comes, retire a little within hearing, till I ſoften him ſomewhat: He is much mov'd, as he always is, I think. *He retires.*

Sir Will. Now Brother, as I was ſaying, I can convince you, your Son, your Darling, whom you long have foſter'd in his Wickedneſs, is become the moſt profligate of all Raſcals.

Sir Edw. Still upon this Subject.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well; my Mouth muſt be ſtopt, and your Ears: 'Tis wondrous well. But I have had much ado to eſcape with life, from him, and his Notorious fellow Rogues: As I told you when I had found that the Rogue was with his Wicked Aſſociates, at the *George* in *White-Fryers*; when they ſaw I was reſolv'd to ſee my Son, and was rough with 'em, *Cheatly* and his Rogues ſet up a Cry againſt me: An Arreſt! A Baily: An Arreſt: The Mobile, and all the Rakehells in the Houſe, and thereabout the Streets aſſembled: I run, and they had a fair Courſe after me into *Fleetſtreet*, thanks to the Vigour I have left, my Heels have ſav'd my Life: Your Infamous Rogue would have ſuffered me to have been Sacrific'd to the Rabble.

Sir Edw. Ha ha ha, very pretty i'faith; it runs very well: Can you tell it over again think you?

Sir Will. Ounds! Am I become your Scorn? Your Laughter?

Sir Edw. Ned, You hear all this? *Belf. Jun. appears.*

Belf. Jun. Yes; and am diſtracted to know the meaning of it.

Sir Will. Vile Parricide! Are you gotten here before me? You are monſtrous nimble Sir. *Belf.*

Belf. Jun. By all the Powers of Heaven! I never was at the *George* in my Life.

Sir Will. Oh then they ſtay for you, you have not yet been there; you'll looſe your Dinner, 'tis ſerv'd up----Vile Wretch.

Belf. Jun. All this is Croſs purpoſes to me: I came to my Unkle's Houſe from my own Lodgings immediately; when you were pleas'd to baniſh me your preſence, and here have been ever ſince.

Sir Will. Nay, he that will be a through Villain, muſt be a compleat Lyar: Were not you even now with your Aſſociate Raſcals at the *George?*

Belf. Jun. No, by Heaven! Nor was I ever in the Company of any of that Gang: I know their Infamy too well, to be acquainted with their Perſons.

Sir Will. I am not Drunk, nor Mad; but you will make me one of 'em.

Belf. Jun. Theſe Raſcals have gotten ſome body to Perſonate me; and are undoubtedly, carrying on ſome Cheat in my Name.

Sir Edw. Brother it muſt be.

Sir Will. Yes, yes, no doubt it muſt be ſo: And I muſt be in a Dream all this while, I muſt!

Sir Edw. You ſay your ſelf, you did not ſee my Son there?

Sir Will. No, he was too nimble for me, and got out ſome back way, to be here before me; ſo to face down the truth.

Belf. Jun. I'll inſtantly go thither, and diſcover this Impoſture, that I may ſuffer no longer for the faults of others.

Sir *Edw.* Dine firſt: My Dinners ready.

Belf. Jun. Your pardon Sir, I will go inſtantly: I cannot reſt till I have done my ſelf right.

Sir *Edw.* Let's in, and diſcourſe of this matter: Brother, I muſt ſay this, I never took him in a Lye ſince he could ſpeak.

Sir *Will.* Took him: No, nor ever will take him in any thing.

Sir *Edw.* Let's in----and ſend your own Man with him.

Sir *Will.* It ſhall be ſo, tho' I am convinc'd already. Is there any of the Name but you, and I, and my two Sons in *England?*

Belf. Jun. Be pleas'd to ſend my Footmen out to me, Sir.

Sir *Edw.* Have a care of a Quarrel, and bringing the *Alſatians* about your Ears. Come Brother. *Ex.* Sir *Edw. and* Sir *Will.*

Enter

Enter Lucia *running*, Termagant *purſuing her.*

Luc. Help, help, help.

Term. Now I have found you, you little Whore---I'll make you an Example.

Luc. Oh Lord! Are you here! Save me, Save me, this Barbarous Woman threatens to murder me for your ſake.

Belf. Jun. Save thee, Dear Miſs: That I would at the peril of my Life: No danger ſhou'd make me quit thee, Cannons, nor Bombs.

Term. Damn'd falſe Fellow: I'll take a time to ſlit her Noſe.

Luc. Oh Heaven! She'll kill me.

Belf. Jun. Thou Devil! In thy propereſt ſhape of Furious, and Malicious Woman: Reſolve to leave off this Courſe this moment, or by Heaven I'll lay thee faſt in *Bedlam*: Had'ſt thou fifty Brothers, I'd fight 'em all, in defence of this dear pretty Miſs.

Luc. Dear kind Creature! This ſweet Love of thine, methinks does make me valiant, and I fear her not ſo much.

Enter Roger, *and his two Footmen.*

Belf. Jun. Dear pretty Miſs: I'll be thy ſafeguard.

Term. Thou Falſeſt, Baſeſt of thy Sex: Look to ſee thy Child ſent thee in pieces, Bak'd in a Pie, for ſo I will.

Belf. Jun. Tho' thou hat'ſt every thing living beſides thy ſelf; yet thou haſt too much tenderneſs for thy own perſon to bring it to the Gallows: Offer to follow us one ſtep, and I'll ſet the Rable upon thee: Come my dear Child. *Exeunt.*

Term. Thou ſhalt be dogg'd; and I'll know who ſhe is: Oh Revenge! Revenge! if thou doſt not exceed, thou equall'ſt all the Extaſies of Love. *Exit Term.*

Enter Cheatly, *and* Shamwell.

Cheat. Thus far our Matters go ſwimmingly: Our Squire is as Debauch'd, and Prodigal, as we can wiſh.

Sham. I told you, all *England* could not afford an Heir like this for our purpoſe, but we muſt keep him always hot.

Cheat. That will be eaſie; we made him ſo Deviliſh Drunk the firſt two or three days, the leaſt Bumper will warm his addle Head afreſh at any time: He paid a great Fine; and may ſit at a little Rent: I muſt be gone for a moment; our *Suffolk* Heir is Nabb'd,

Nabb'd, for a ſmall Buſineſs; and I muſt find him ſome Sham-Bail: See the Captain performs his Charge. *Exit.*

Enter Hackum.

Sham. Here he comes. See, Captain, you make that Blockhead Drunk, and do as we directed.

Hack. He's almoſt Drunk, and we are in readineſs for him; the Squire is retir'd with his Natural, ſo fond.

Sham. 'Tis well; about your buſineſs: I'll be with you ſoon.

Enter Lolpoop. *Exit Shamwell.*

Hack. Come on, Mr. *Lolpoop*: You and I'll be merry by our ſelves.

Lolp. I muſt needs ſay Captain, yeow are a Civil Gentleman, but yeow han given me ſo many Bumpers: I am meet Drunken already.

Hack. Come on, I warrant you: Here's a Bumper to the Squire's Lady.

Lolp. With all my Heart. *Enter Betty.*

Hack. Oh Mrs. *Betty*, art thou come? I ſent for this pretty Rogue to keep you Company: She's as pretty a Company-keeper as any's in the *Friers*.

Lolp. Ods-fleſh, what ſhou'd I do in Company with Gentlewomen: 'Tis not for ſuch Fellee's as I.

Hack. Have Courage Man: You ſhall have her; and never want ſuch a one while I am your Friend.

Lolp. O Lord I! Don yeow know what yeow ſaen.

Bett. A Proper, Handſome Gentleman, I ſwear.

Lolp. Who I, no, no: What done yeow mean forſooth?

Bett. I vow, I have not ſeen a handſomer: So proper, ſo well ſhap'd!

Lolp. Oh Lord, I! I! Yeow jeern me naw.

Hack. Why dont you ſalute her, Man?

Lolp. Who I? By the Maſs, I dare not be ſo bold: What I kiſs ſuch a fine Gentlewoman?

Hack. Kiſs, Kiſs her Man: This Town affords us ſuch every where? You'll hate the Countrey when you ſee a little more: Kiſs her I ſay.

Lolp. I am ſo ha la: I am aſham'd.

Bett. What muſt I do it to you then?

Lolp. Oh rare! Byth' Maſs! Whoo Kiſſes daintily: And whoo has a Breath like a Caw. *Hack.*

Hack. Come, tother Bumper: To her Health let this be Here's to you.

Lolp. Thanka forſooth and yeow pleaſen. *Drinks to her.*

Bett. Yes, any thing that you do, will pleaſe me.

Lolp. Capt.Capt.What done yeow leave me? Hack.*ſteals out and*

Bett. What are you affraid of me? *leaves them together.*

Lolp. Nay, By'r Lady: I am aſham'd, who's farincly a pratty Laſs! Marry.

Bett. A Handſom Man, and aſham'd! *She edges nearer to him.*

Lolp. Who I, a Handſom Mon! Nay, Nay.

Bett. A Lovely Man, I vow: I cannot forbear Kiſſing you.

Lolp. O dear: 'tis your goodneſs: Ods-fleſh, whoo Loves me! who'll make me ſtark wood e'en naw: An yeow kiſſen me, By'r Lady, I's kiſs yeow.

Bett. What care I?

Lolp. Looka there naw! Waunds, whoo's a Dainty Laſs, pure white and red: And moſt of the *London* Laſſes are pure white and red: Welly aw alike; and I had her in ſome Nook. Ods-fleſh, I ſay no more.

Bett. I'll ſtay no longer, farewel. *She retires.*

Lolp. Nay, I's not leave a ſoo: Marry whoo's a Gallant Laſs. *Ex. following her.*

Enter Hackum.

Hack. So, he's caught: this will take him off from teazing his Maſter with his damn'd good Counſel.

Enter Cheatly, *and* Shamwell.

Cheat. I have ſent our *Alſatian* Attorny, and as Subſtantial Bail as can be wi[illegible]d for the Redemption of our *Suffolk* Caravan; he's ripe for another Judgment, he begins to want the Ready much.

Sham. Scrapeall is provided for him: How now Captain, what's become of your Blockhead?

Hack. He's nibling at the Bait: He'll ſwallow preſently.

Cheat. But hark you, *Shamwell*! I have choſen the ſubtleſt and handſomeſt Wench about this Town for the great Fortune I intend to beſtow this hopeful Kinſman of yours upon: 'Tis Mrs. *Termagant*, his Brothers Caſt Miſtreſs, who reſents her being left to that degree, that tho' ſhe meditates all the revenge, beſides,

that Womans Nature is capable of againſt him: Yet her Heart leapt for joy at this deſign of Marrying his Elder Brother: If it were for nothing but to plague the younger, and take place of his Wife.

Sham. I have ſeen her: She will perſonate a Town Lady of Quality admirably, and be as Haughty and Impertinent as the beſt of 'em: Is the Lodging, and Plate, and things ready for her?

Cheat. It is, ſhe comes there this Afternoon; ſhe's ſet her Hand to a good ſwinging Judgment; and thou and I will divide my Lad: And now, all we have to do, is to preſerve him to our ſelves from any other Correſpondence, and at down-right Enmity with his Father, and Brother: And we muſt keep him continually hot, as they do a Glaſs-Houſe, or our work will go backward.

Enter Belfond Senior, *Mrs.* Margaret, *Mrs.* Hackum, *and his Servants.*

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear Friend and Couſin; tread upon my Neck: Make me your Footſtool, you have made me a happy Man to know Plenty and Pleaſure, good Company, good Wine, Muſic, Fine Women: Mrs. *Hackum* and I have been at Bumpers hand to fiſt: Here's my pretty Natural, my dear pretty Rogue: Adad, ſhe's a Rare Creature, a Delicious Creature! And between you and I, dear Friend, ſhe has all her Goings as well as e'er a Blowing in *Chriſtendom*: Dear Madam *Hackum*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs. *Hack.* I am glad, Sir, ſhe gives your Worſhip content, Sir.

Belf. Sen. Content: Ah my pretty Rogue! Pox o' the Country, I ſay, Capt. Capt. here: Let me Equip you with a Quid.

Hack. Noble Squire: I am your Spaniel-Dog.

Belf. Sen. Pox o' the Country, I ſay: The beſt Team of Horſes my Father has, ſhall not draw me thither agen.

Sham. Be firm to your Reſolution, and thou'lt be happy.

Cheat. If you meet either your Father, or Brother, or any from thoſe Prigſters, ſtick up thy Countenance, or thou art ruin'd, my Son of Promiſe, my brisk Lad in remainder, when one of 'em approaches thee, we'll all pull down our Hats, and cry bow wow.

Belf. Sen. I warrant you; I am harden'd, I knew my Brother in the Country, but they ſhant ſham me, they ſhall find me a ſmoaky Thief: I vow 'twill be a very pretty way: Bow wow. I warrant thee I'll do't.

Enter

Enter Belfond Junior, *two Footmen, and* Roger.

Sham. Who the Devil's here! Your Brother, Courage.

Cheat. Courage, be rough and haughty my Bumpkin.

Belf. Sen. Hey, where are all my Servants: Call 'em in. *Capt. calls 'em.*

Belf. Jun. Who is that in this Houſe here, who uſurps my Name, and is call'd Squire *Belfond*?

Belf. Sen. One who is called ſo without uſurping. Bow wow.

Belf. Jun. Brother, Death do I dream! Can I truſt my Senſes! Is this my Brother?

Belf. Sen. Ay, ay, I know I am Tranſmography'd: But I am your very Brother, *Ned.*

Belf. Jun. Could you be ſo unkind, to come to Town, and not ſee your neareſt Kindred, your Unkle, and my ſelf?

Belf. Sen. I would not come to diſgrace you, till my Equipage was all ready. Hey, *La Marr*, is my Coach at the Gate next to the Green-Dragon?

Valet. Ouy Monſieur.

Belf. Sen. But I was reſolv'd to give you a Viſit to Morrow Morning.

Belf. Jun. I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen you any where but here.

Belf. Sen. But here! Why 'tis as good a Tavern, as any's in Town. Sirrah, fill ſome Bumpers: Here Brother, here's a *Facer* to you: We'll Huzza, Call in the Fidlers.

Belf. Jun. I am ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment: Not all *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis* can ſhew ſuch a one as this.

Belf. Sen. I ſee you wonder at my Change: What would you never have a Man learn breeding Adad? Should I always be kept a Country *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, a *Meer Putt*. I am brave and bowſy.

Belf. Jun. S'life! He has got the Cant too.

Belf. Sen. I ſhall be clear by and by: T'other Bumper, Brother.

Belf. Jun. No: I'll drink no more: I hate drinking between meals.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! hate drinking between meals! What Company do you keep? But 'tis all one. Here Brother, pray ſalute this pretty Rogue: I *manage* her, ſhe is my *Natural*, my pure *Blowing*: I am reſolv'd to be like a Gentleman and keep, Brother.

Belf. Jun. A thorough-pac'd *White-Friers* man! *aſide.*
I never refuſe to kiſs a pretty Woman. *Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. This is Mrs. *Hackum*: I am much oblig'd to her: Pray ſalute her.

Belf. Jun. What a Pox! Will he make me kiſs the Bawd too. *Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. Brother, now pray know theſe Gentlemen here; they are the prettieſt Wits that are in Town: And between you and I Brother, brave gallant fellows, and the beſt friends I ever had in my life: This is Mr. *Cheatly*, and this my Couſin *Shamwell.*

Belf. Jun. I know em, and am acquainted with their worth.

Cheat. Your humble Servant, ſweet Sir.

Sham. Your Servant Couſin.

Belf. Sen. And this is my dear Friend Captain *Hackum*: There is not a braver fellow under the Sun.

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, a down-right Alſatian!

Belf. Sen. Come Muſicians, ſtrike up; and ſing the Catch the Captain gave you, and we'll all join Ifaith. We can be merry Brother, and we can roar.

Hack. 'Tis a very pretty magnanimous military buſineſs upon the Victory in *Hungary.*

Hark, how the Duke of Lorrain *comes,*
The brave Victorious Soul of War;
With Trumpets and with Kettle Drums,
Like Thunder rolling from afar.

On the Left Wing the conquering Horſe
The brave Bavarian *Duke does lead;*
Theſe Heroes with united force,
Fill all the Turkiſh Hoſt with dread.

Their bright Capariſons behold;
Rich Habits, Streamers, Shining Arms,
The glittering Steel and burniſht Gold;
The pomp of War with all its Charms.

With ſolemn March, and fatal pace,
They bravely on the Foe preſs on;
The Cannons roar, the Shot takes place,
Whilſt Smoke and Duſt obſcure the Sun.

The Horſes Neigh, the Souldiers ſhout,
And now the furious Bodies joyn,
The ſlaughter rages all about,
And men in groans their Blood reſign.

The Weapons Claſh, the Roaring Drum,
With Clanger of the Trumpets ſound,
The howls and yells of men o'recome,
And from the Neighbouring Hills rebound.

Now, now the Infidels give place,
Then all in Routs they headlong fly,
Heroes in Duſt purſue the Chace,
While deafning Clamors rend the Sky.

Belf. Sen. You ſee Brother, what Company I keep: What's the matter you are melancholly.

Belf. Jun. I am not a little troubled Brother, to find you in ſuch curſed company.

Belf. Sen. Hold Brother, if you love your life: They are all ſtout; but that ſame Captain has kill'd his five men.

Belf. Jun. Stout ſay you? This fellow *Cheatly* is the moſt notorious Raſcal and Cheat that ever was out of a Dungeon: This Kinſman a moſt ſilly Bubble firſt, and afterwards a betrayer of young Heirs, of which they have not ruin'd leſs than two hundred, and made em run out their Eſtates before they came to em.

Belf. Sen. Brother, do you love your Life? the Captain's a Lyon!

Belf. Jun. An Aſs is he not? He is a Ruffian, and Cock-bawd to that Hen.

Cheat. If you were not the Brother to my deareſt Friend, I know what my Honour would prompt me to. *Walks in a huff.*

Sham. My dear Couſin, thou ſhalt now find how entirely I am thine: My Honour will not let me ſtrike thy Brother.

Hack. But that the punctilio's of Honour are ſacred to me; which tell me nothing can provoke me againſt the Brother of my noble friend, I had *whipt him through the Lungs* e're this.

Belf. Sen. Well, never man met with ſuch true, ſuch loving Friends.

Belf. Jun. Look you Brother, will this convince you, that you are fallen into the hands of Fools, Knaves, Scoundrels and Cowards.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Fools! nay there I am ſure you are out: They are all deep, they are very deep and ſharp; ſharp as Needles, adad; the wittieſt men in *England*. Here's Mr. *Cheatly* in the firſt place ſhall Sham and Banter with you, or any one you will bring for 500 *l.* of my Money.

Belf. Jun. Raſcally ſtuff; fit for no places but *Ram-alley*, or *Pye corner*.

Belf. Sen. Perſuade me to that: They are the merrieſt Companions, and the trueſt Friends to me: 'Tis well for you adad, that they are ſo; for they are all of em as ſtout as *Hector*.

Belf. Jun. This is moſt amazing.

Sham. Did I not tell you he would envy your condition; and be very angry with us that put you into't.

Cheat. He muſt needs be a kind Brother: We prove our ſelves your true Friends; and have that reſpect for your blood, that we will let none of it out, where-e're we meet it upon any cauſe.

Belf. Sen. You ſee Brother, how their Love prevails over their Valour.

Belf. Jun. Their Valour! look you Brother, here's Valour. *Kicks* Cheatly *and* Shamw.

Cheat. I underſtand Honour and Breeding, beſides I have been let blood to day.

Sham. Nothing ſhall make me tranſgreſs the rules of Honour I ſay.

Belf. Jun. Here! Where are you? Sirrah; Kill-Cow. *Takes* Hackum *by the Noſe, and leads him.*

Hack. 'Tis no matter; I know Honour: I know punctilio's to a hair. You owe your life to your Brother: beſides, I am to be ſecond to a dear Friend, and preſerve my vigour for his ſervice: but for all that, were he not your brother——

Belf. Jun. Will not this convince you, brother, of their Cowardice?

Belf. Sen. No, I think not; for I am ſure they are Valiant; this convinces me of their reſpect and friendſhip to me: My beſt Friends, let me embrace you: a thouſand thanks to you.

Belf. Jun. I will redeem him yet from theſe Raſcals if I can: You are upon the brink of ruine, if you go not off with me, and reconcile your ſelf to my Father; I'll undertake it upon good terms.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. No, I thank you; I'll ſee no Father; he ſhall uſe me no more like a Dog: he ſhall put upon me no longer. Look you Sir, I have *Ready*, *Rhino*, *Cole*, *Darby*; look here Sir!

Belf. Jun. Dear brother, let me perſwade you to go along with me.

Belf. Sen. You love me! and uſe my beſt Friends thus? ne'r ſtir, I deſire none of your Company: I'll ſtick to my friends: I look upon what you have done as an affront to me.

Hack. No doubt it is ſo.

Sham. That's moſt certain; you are in the right, Couſin.

Cheat. We love you but too well, that angers him.

Belf. Jun. Well, I ſhall take my leave: You are in your Cups: You will wiſh you had heard me. Rogues, I ſhall take a courſe with you.

Belf. Sen. Rogues! They ſcorn your words.

Belf. Jun. Fare you well.

Belf. Sen. Fare you well Sir, and you be at that ſport.

Belf. Jun. Roger, do not diſcover him to my Father yet; I'll talk with him cool in a morning firſt; perhaps I may redeem him.

Roger. I'll do as you'll have me. *Ex.* Belf. *Jun.* Roger *&* 2 *Foot.*

Belf. Sen. So now we are free. Dear Friends, I never can be grateful enough: But 'tis late, I muſt ſhew my new Coach: Come Ladies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Attorney and Lucia.

Attor. How now, Daughter *Lucia*, where haſt thou been?

Luc. I have been at Evening Prayers at St. *Brides*, and am going home through the *Temple.*

Attor. Thou art my good Girl. *Enter Mrs.* Termagant.

Luc. Oh Heaven! Who's here!

Attor. What's the matter?

Luc. I am taken ill on the ſudden: I'll run home.

Term. Stay, ſtay; thou wicked Author of my misfortune.

Attor. How's this? Stay *Lucia*! What mean you Madam? The Girl's ſtrangely diſorder'd.

Luc. Oh Heaven! I am utterly ruin'd, beyond redemption.

Term. Is ſhe your Daughter Sir.

Attor. She is.

Term.

Term. Then hear my ſtory: I am contracted with all the ſolemnity that can be to Mr. *Belfond*, the Merchants Son; and for this wicked Girl he has lately caſt me off: And this morning I went to his Lodging, to enquire a reaſon of his late Carriage to me, I found there in his Cloſet this young ſhameleſs Creature, who had been in Bed with him.

Attor. Oh Heaven and Earth! Is this true, Huſwife?

Luc. Oh Lord I: I never ſaw the Gentleman nor her in my life: Oh ſhe's a Confident thing!

Term. May all the Judgments due to Perjury fall on me, if this be not true: I tore her by the hair, and pomell'd her to ſome tune; till that inhumane Wretch *Belfond* turn'd me out of doors, and ſent her away in Chair.

Luc. O wicked Creature! Are you not afraid the Earth ſhould open, and ſwallow you up? As I hope to be ſav'd I never ſaw her?

Term. Tho young in years, yet old in Impudence; did I not purſue thee ſince in the ſtreet, till you run into *Belfonds* Arms juſt before his Fathers Houſe? Or I had mark'd thee for a young Whore.

Luc. As I hope to live Sir, 'tis all falſe: Every Word and Tittle of it: I know not what ſhe means.

Attor. Have I beſtow'd ſo much, and taken ſo much care in thy Education, to have no other Fruit but this?

Luc. Oh Lord Sir! Why will you believe this wicked Woman?

Attor. No young Impudence! I believe you: What made you ready to Swoon at the ſight of this Lady, but your Guilt.

Luc. She miſtakes me for ſome other, as ſhe did to day when ſhe purſu'd me to have kill'd me; which made me tremble at the ſight of her now.

Attor. And yet you never ſaw her before! I am convinced: Go, wicked Wretch, go home: This News will kill thy Mother: I'll to my Chamber, and follow thee.

Luc. But if I ever ſee her, or you either, to be lock'd from my Dear *Belfond*: I ſhall deſerve whatever you can do to me. *Exit.*

Attor. Madam, I beſeech you make as few words as you can of this.

Term. I had much rather for my own honour have conceal'd it.

But

But I ſhall ſay no more, provided you will keep her from him.

Attor. I warrant you Madam, I'll take a Courſe with her. Your Servant. *Exit.*

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Madam, your moſt humble Servant: You ſee I am punctual to my Word.

Term. You are Sir.

Cheat. Come Madam, your Lodging, Furniture, and every thing are ready, let's looſe no time: I'll wait on you thither, where we will Conſult about our Affairs.

Term. Come on: It is a rare deſign; and if it ſucceeds, I ſhall ſufficiently be reveng'd on my Ungrateful Devil.

Cheat. I'll warrant the Succeſs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella, *and* Tereſia.

Iſab. We muſt be very careful of this Book: My Unkle, or our Dame Governante will burn it if they find it.

Tereſ. We cannot have a pleaſant, or a Witty Book, but they ſerve it ſo: My Father loads us with Books, ſuch as the Tryal of Man, in the Iſle of *Man*, or *Man-ſhire*: A Treatiſe on Sabbath-Breakers: And Health out-drinking, or Life out-healthing Wretches: A Cauſtick, or Corroſive, for a Sear'd Conſcience.

Iſab. A Soveraign Oyntment for a Wounded Soul: A Cordial for a ſick Sinner: The Nothingneſs of good Works: Waxed Boot Grace, for the *Suſſex* ways of Affliction; and a deal of ſuch ſtuff: But all Novels, Romances, or Poetry, except *Quarles* and *Withers*, are an Abomination. Well, this is a Jewel, if we can keep it.

Enter Ruth *behind them.*

Anger in haſty Words or Blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our Foes;
And Sorrow too, finds ſome relief
In Tears, which wait upon our grief:
Thus every Paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redreſs does move.

Tereſ. 'Tis ſweet Poerry: There is a pleaſing Charm in all he writes. *She ſnatches the Book.*

Ruth. Yea, there is a Charm of Satan's in it: 'Tis Vanity and Darkneſs, this Book hateth, and is contrary to the Light: and ye hate the light.

Iſab. That's much: And this Evening a little before Night, thou blamedſt us for looking out of the Window, and threaten'd to ſhut the Painted Shaſhes.

Tereſ. Now if thou ſhut'ſt thoſe: Thou hateſt the Light, and not we.

Ruth. Look thee *Tereſia*: Thou art wonton, and ſo is thy Coſin *Iſabella*: Ye ſeek Temptacion: You look out of the Caſement to pick and cull young Men; whereby to feed the Luſt of the Eye: Ye may not do it. And look thee *Iſbel*, and *Tereſia*, if you open the Caſements once more, I will place ye in the back Rooms, and lock the Fore Rooms up.

Tereſ. We will obey thee, *Ruth.*

Iſab. We will not reſiſt thy power: But prithee leave us that Book.

Ruth. No, it is wanton and treateth of Love: I will inſtantly commit it to the Flames. *Exit.*

Iſab. Shame on this old Wall-ey'd Hypocrite: She is the ſtricteſt ſort of Jaylor.

Tereſ. We are as narrowly look'd to, as if we had been clapt up for Treaſon, we are kept from Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Iſab. Well, it is a moſt painful life to diſſemble conſtantly.

Tereſ. 'Tis well we are often alone, to unbend to one another, one had as good be a Player, and Act continually elſe.

Iſab. I can never perſwade my ſelf, that Religion can conſiſt in Scurvy out of faſhion Cloaths, ſtiff conſtrain'd Behaviour, and Sowre Countenances.

Tereſ. A triſtful Aſpect, looking always upon ones Noſe, with a Face full of Spiritual Pride.

Iſab. And when one walks abroad, not to turn ones Head to the right or left, but hold it ſtrait forward, like an Old blind Mare.

Tereſ. True Religion muſt make one chearful, and affect one with the moſt raviſhing Joy which muſt appear in the Face too.

Iſab. My good Mother had the Government, and brought me up to better things, as thy good Aunt did thee.

Tereſ. But we can make no uſe of our Education under this Tyranny.

Iſab. If we ſhould Sing or Dance, 'twere worſe than Murder.

Tereſ.

Tereſ. But of all things: Why do they make ſuch a ſtir to keep us from the Converſation of Mankind: Sure there muſt be more in it, then we can imagine; and that makes one have more mind to try.

Iſab. Thou haſt been ſo unquiet in thy ſleep of late, and ſo given to ſigh, and get alone when thou art awake: I fancy thou doſt imagine ſomewhat of it.

Tereſ. Ah Rogue, and I have obſerved the ſame in thee: Canſt thou not gueſs at Love: Come, confeſs, and I'll tell all.

Iſab. Sometimes in my Dreams, methinks I am in Love, then a certain Youth comes to me; and I grow chill, and pant, and feel a little pain: But 'tis the prettieſt thing methinks: And then I wake and bluſh, and am afraid.

Tereſ. Very pretty: And when I am awake, when I ſee one Gentleman, methinks I could look through him: And my Heart beats, beats like the Drums in the Camp.

Iſab. I dare not ask who 'tis, for fear it ſhould be my Man; for there are two come often to our Church, that ſtare at us continually, and one of them is he.

Tereſ. I have obſerv'd 'em: One, who ſate by us at Church, knew 'em by their Names: I am for one of 'em too.

Iſab. I will remember it.

Tereſ. If it be any Man thou lik'ſt, I'll kill thee.

Iſab. And if thou lov'ſt my Man, we muſt not live together.

Tereſ. Name him. *Iſab.* Do thou name firſt.

Tereſ. Let's write their Names. (*They write their Papers*

Iſab. Agree: We each have a Black-Lead Pen. (*and give 'em to one another, at which they both*

Tereſ. Truman, Mercy on me! (*ſpeak together and ſtart.*

Iſab. Belfond, Oh Heaven's!

Tereſ. What's this I ſee! Would I were blind.

Iſab. Oh my *Tereſia*!

Tereſ. Get thee from me.

Iſab. 'Tis as it ſhould be; I wrote the wrong Name, on purpoſe to diſcover who was your Man more clearly; the other's my Belov'd. *Belfond's* my Hearts delight.

Tereſ. Say'ſt thou ſo my Girl! good Wits jump. I had the ſame thought with thee. Now 'tis out, *Truman* for me; and methinks

they keep ſuch a ſtaring at us, if we contrive to meet 'em, we need not deſpair.

Iſab. Nay, they come not for Devotion, that's certain; I ſee that in their Eyes: Oh that they were ordain'd to free us from this odious Jail.

Enter Ruth, *and* Truman *diſguis'd.*

Ruth. Go into your Chamber; here is a Man cometh about buſineſs: Ye may not ſee him.

Teref. We go: Come Coſin.

Ruth. Come Friend: Let us retire alſo. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Belfond *Junior*, *and* Lucia.

Luc. I Never more muſt ſee the Face of a Relation.

Belf. Jun. I warrant thee, my pretty Rogue, I'll put thee into that condition the beſt of all thy kindred ſhall viſit thee, and make their court to thee; thou ſhalt ſpark it in the Boxes, ſhine at the Park, and make all the young fellows in the Town run mad for thee: Thou ſhalt never want, while I have any thing.

Luc. I cou'd abandon all the World for thee; if I cou'd think that thou wouldſt love me always.

Belf. Jun. Thou haſt ſo kindly oblig'd me, I ſhall never ceaſe to love thee.

Luc. Pray Heaven I do not repent of it: You were kind to Mrs. *Termagant*; and ſure it muſt be ſome barbarous uſage, which thus provokes her now to all this malice.

Belf. Jun. She was debauch'd by the moſt nauſeous Coxcomb, the moſt ſilly Beau and Shape about the Town; and had Cuckolded him with ſeveral before I had her: She was indeed handſome, but the moſt froward, ill-natur'd Creature; always murmuring or ſcolding, perpetually jealous and exceptious, ever thinking to work her ends by Hectoring and Daring.

Luc.

Luc. Indeed! Was ſhe ſuch a one? I am ſure, you were the firſt that ever had my Heart, and you ſhall be the laſt.

Belf. Jun. My Dear, I know I had thy Virgin Heart, and I'll preſerve it. But for her, her moſt diverting minutes were unpleaſant: Yet for all her Malice which you ſee, I ſtill maintain her.

Luc. Ungrateful Creature! She is indeed a Fury. Shou'dſt thou once take thy Love from me, I never ſhou'd uſe ſuch ways: I ſilently ſhou'd mourn and pine away; but never think of once offending thee.

Belf. Jun. Thou art the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Creature! And all the tendereſt Joys that wait on Love, are ever with thee.

Luc. Oh, this is Charming kindneſs! May all the joys on Earth be ſtill with thee.

Belf. Jun. aſide. Now here's a miſchief on the other ſide; For how can a good natur'd man think of ever quitting ſo tender, and ſo kind a Miſtreſs, whom no reſpect, but Love has thrown into my Arms: And yet I muſt: But I will better her condition. Oh, how does my Friend. *Enter* Truman.

Luc. Oh Lord! Who's here?

Belf. Jun. My Dear, go to the Lodging I have prepar'd for thee; thou wilt be ſafe, and I'll wait on thee ſoon. Who's there?

Enter Servants.

Do you wait on this Ladies Chair, you know whither.

Tru. Thou art a pretty fellow, *Belfond*, to take thy pleaſure thus, and put thy Friend upon the damnedſt drudgery.

Belf. Jun. What drudgery? a little diſſembling.

Tru. Why that were bad enough, to diſſemble my ſelf an Aſs; but to diſſemble Love, nay Luſt, is the moſt irkſome task a man can undergo.

Belf. Jun. But prithee come to the point: in ſhort, have we any hopes?

Tru. 'Tis done; the buſineſs is done: Whip on your habit; make no words.

Belf. Jun. I'll put it on in my Dreſſing-room. This News tranſports me.

Tru. If you had undergone what I have done, 'twould have humbled you: I have enjoy'd a Lady; but I had as lieve have had

had a *Lancaſhire* Witch, juſt after ſhe had alighted from a Broom-ſtaff: I have been uncivil, and enjoy'd the Governante in moſt lewd dalliance.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a brave fellow, and makeſt nothing of it.

Tru. Nothing? 'Sdeath, I had rather have ſtorm'd a *Half-Moon*: I had more pleaſure at the Battel of *Mons*.

Belf. Jun. But haſt thou done our work as well as hers?

Tru. I have: For after the enjoyment of her perſon had led me into ſome familiarity with her, I propos'd, ſhe accepted, for ſhe is Covetous as well as Amorous: and ſhe has ſo far wrought for us, that we ſhall have an Interview with our Miſtreſſes; whom, ſhe ſays, we ſhall find very inclinable; and ſhe has promis'd this night to deliver 'em into our hands.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a rare Friend to me, and to thy ſelf. Now, Farewel all the vanity of this lewd Town, at once I quit you all. Dear Rogue, let's in.

Tru. Come in, in, and dreſs in your Habit. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William, Sir Edward *and* Scrapeall.

Scrapeall. Look ye Sir *William*, I am glad you like my Neece: and I hope alſo, that ſhe may look lovely in your Sons Eyes.

Sir Edw. No doubt but he will be extremely taken with her: Indeed both ſhe and your Daughter are very Beautiful.

Sir Will. He like her! What's matter whether he like her, or no? Is it not enough for him, that I do? Is a Son, a Boy, a Jack-anapes, to have a will of his own? That were to have him be the Father, and I the Son. But indeed they are both very handſome.

Scrapeall. Let me tell you both, Sir *William*, and Sir *Edward*, Beauty is but Vanity, a meer nothing; but they have that which will not fade; they have Grace.

Sir Edw. They look like pretty ſpirited witty Girls. *aſide.*

Scrapeall. I am ſorry I muſt leave thee ſo ſoon: I thought to have bidden thee to dinner, but I am to pay down a ſumm of Money upon a Mortgage this afternoon: Farewell.

Sir Will. Farewel Mr. *Scrapeall.*

Sir Edw. Pray meet my Brother at my Houſe at Dinner.

Scrapeall. Thank you Sir *Edward*, I know not but I may.

Sir Edw. The perſon of this Girl is well choſen for your Son, if ſhe were not ſo preciſe and pure. *Sir*

Sir Will. Prethee, what matter what ſhe is, has not ſhe Fifteen Thouſand Pounds clear?

Sir Edw. For a Husband to differ in Religion from a Wife.

Sir Will. What, with Fifteen Thouſand Pound?

Sir Edw. A preciſe Wife will think her ſelf ſo pure, ſhe will be apt to contemn her Husband.

Sir Will. Ay, but Fifteen Thouſand Pound, brother.

Sir Edw. You know how intractable miſguided Zeal and Spiritual Pride are.

Sir Will. What with Fifteen Thouſand Pound!

Sir Edw. I wou'd not willingly my Son ſhou'd have her.

Sir Will. Not with Fifteen Thouſand Pound?

Sir Edw. I ſee there's no Anſwer to be given to Fifteen Thouſand Pound.

Sir Will. A Pox o' this Godly-knave, it ſhou'd have been Twenty.

Sir Edw. Nor wou'd I buy a Wife for my Son.

Sir Will. Not if you cou'd have her a good pennyworth: Your Son, quoth ye? He is like to make a fine Husband. For all your precious Son ——

Sir *Edw.* Agen, Brother?

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, you fly out ſo: Pray, Brother, be not paſſionate; paſſion drowns ones parts; let us calmly reaſon: I have freſh matter; have but patience, and hear me ſpeak.

Sir Edw. Well, Brother, go on; for I ſee I might as ſoon ſtop a Tyde.

Sir Will. To be calm and patient; your Jewel, tho he deny'd that outrage in *Dorſet-Court*, yet he committed it, and was laſt night hurry'd before the Lord Chief Juſtice for it.

Sir Edw. It cannot be, on my certain knowledge. I cou'd convince him, but it is not time. *Aſide.*

Sir Will. What a Devil, are all the World miſtaken, but you?

Sir Edw. He was with me all the Evening.

Sir Will. Why, he got Bail immediately, and came to you. Ounds, I never ſaw ſuch a man in my life!

Sir Edw. I am aſſur'd of the contrary.

Sir Will. Death and Hell, you make me ſtark mad! You will ſend me to *Bedlam*: You will not believe your own ſenſes: I'll hold you a Thouſand pound.

Sir

Sir Edw. Brother, remember passion drowns ones parts.

Sir Will. Well, I am tame, I am cool.

Sir Edw. I'll hold you a hundred; which is enough for one Brother to win of another. *Enter Attorney.* And here's your own Attorney comes opportunely enough to hold stakes. I'll bind it with ten.

Sir Will. Done.

Sir Edw. Why, I saw your man *Roger*, and he says, your Son found there a Rascal, that went by his Name.

Attor. Oh, Sir *William*, I am undone, ruin'd, made a miserable man!

Sir Will. What's the matter, man?

Attor. Tho you have been an exceeding good Clyent to me, I have reason to Curse one of your Family that has ruin'd mine.

Sir Will. Pray explain your self.

Attor. Oh, Sir, your Wicked Son, your most Libidinous Son.

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, D'ye hear? D'ye hear? Do you Answer?

Attor. He's Corrupted, Debauch'd my only Daughter, whom I had brought up with all the care and charge I cou'd, who was the Hopes, the Joy of all our Family.

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a rare Son! Here's a hopeful Son! And he were mine, I'd lash him with a Dog-Whip: I'd cool his Courage.

Sir *Edw.* How do you know it is he?

Attor. I have a Witness of it, that saw her rise from his Bed the other Day Morning; and last Night she ran away to him, and they have lain at a private Lodging.

Sir Edw. Be well assur'd, e'er you conclude; for there is a Rascal that has taken my Son's Name, and has swagger'd in and about *White-Fryars*, with *Cheatly*, and that Gang of Rogues, whom my Son will take a Course with.

Attor. Oh, Sir, I am too well assur'd: My Wife tears her Hair; and I, for my part shall run distracted.

Sir Will. Oh, Wicked Rascal! Oh, my poor *Tim*! My dear Boy *Tim*! I think each Day a Year, till I see thee.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am extreamly sorry for this, if it be so; but let me beg of you, play the part of a Wise Man; blaze not this

Dishonour

Diſhonor abroad, and you ſhall have all the Reparation the caſe is capable of.

Sir Will. Reparation, for making his Daughter a Whore! What, a Pox, can he give her her Maiden-head again?

Sir Edw. Mony, which ſhall not be wanting, will ſtop that Witneſſes Mouth: and I will give your Daughter ſuch a Fortune, that were what you believe true and publickly known, ſhe ſhou'd live above Contempt, as the World goes now.

Attor. You ſpeak like the worthy Gentleman the World thinks you; but there can be no Salve for this Sore.

Sir Will. Why, you are enough to damn Forty Sons, if you had 'em; you encourage 'em to Whore: You are fit to breed up youth!

Sir Edw. You are mad: But pray Sir, let me intreat you to go home, and I will come and wait upon you; and we will conſult how to make the beſt of this misfortune, in which I aſſure you, I have a great ſhare.

Attor. I will ſubmit to your Wiſe Advice, Sir: My grief had had made me forget; here is aLetter comes out of the Country for you. *Ex. Attorney.*

Sir Will. For me! 'Tis welcome: Now for News from my dear Boy! Now you ſhall hear, Brother: He is a Son indeed.

Sir Edw. Yes, a very hopeful one: I will not undeceive him, till *Ned* has try'd once more to recover him. *aſide.*

Sir Will. reads. On the tenth of this month, your Son, my young Maſter, about two of the Clock in the Morning, rode out with his Man *Lolpoop*; and notwithſtanding all the ſearch and enquiry we can make (Oh Heav'n) he cannot be found or heard of. *He drops the Letter not able to hold it.*

Sir *Edw.* How's this?

Sir Will. Oh, my poor Boy! He is Robb'd and Murder'd, and buried in ſome Ditch, or flung into ſome Pond. Oh, I ſhall never ſee thee more, dear *Tim*! The Joy, and the Support of all my life! The only Comfort which I had on Earth:

Sir Edw. Have patience Brother; 'tis nothing but a little Ramble in your Abſence.

Sir Will. Oh, no; he durſt not Ramble: He was the dutifulleſt Child! I ſhall never ſee his face again: Look you, he goes

on. We have ſearch'd and made enquiry in three Adjacent Countries, and no Tidings can be heard of him. What have I done, that Heav'n ſhould thus afflict me?

Sir Edw. What, if after all, this Son ſhould be he that has made all this noiſe in *White-Friers*, for which mine has been ſo blam'd?

Sir Will. My Son, my Son play ſuch Pranks? that's likely! One ſo ſtrictly, ſo ſoberly Educated! One that's Educated your way cannot do otherwiſe. *Enter* Roger.

Roger. Sir, Sir, Sir, mercy upon me, here's my young Maſters Man *Lolpoop*, coming along in the Streets with a Wench.

Enter Lolpoop *leading* Betty *under the Arm.*

Sir Will. Oh Heaven! What ſay you?

Sir Edw. Now it works: Ha ha ha. *To himſelf.*

Betty. How now! What have you to ſay to my Friend, my Dear? *Sir* William *lays hold on* Lolpoop *ere he or ſhe ſees him.*

Sir William *and* Lolpoop *ſtart, and ſtand amaz'd at one another; and after a great pauſe, Sir* William *falls upon* Lolpoop, *beats the Whore, beats* Roger, *ſtrikes at his Brother, and lays about him like a mad man; the Rabble get all about him.*

Sir *Will.* Sirrah, Rogue, Dog, Villain! Whore! and you Rogue, Rogue! Confound the World! Oh that the World were all on fire!

Sir *Edw.* Brother, for ſhame be more temperate: Are you a mad man?

Sir *Will.* Plague o' your dull Philoſophy.

Sir *Edw.* The Rabble are gather'd together about you.

Sir *Will.* Villain, Rogue, Dog, Toad, Serpent! Where's my Son? Sirrah, you have Robb'd him, and murder'd him.

He beats Lolpoop, *who roars out Murder.*

Lolp. Hold, hold; your Son is alive, and alive like: He's in *London.*

Sir *Will.* What ſay you, Sirrah? In *London*? and is he well? Thanks be to Heaven for that: Where is he Sirrah?

Lolp. He is in *White-Fryers*, with Mr. *Cheatly*, his Couſin *Shamwell*, and Captain *Hackum*.

Sir

Sir William *pauſes, as amaz'd: Then beats him again.*

Sir *Will.* And you Rogue, you damn'd Dog, wou'd you ſuffer him to keep ſuch Company, and commit ſuch villanous Actions?

Lolp. Hold, hold, hold, I pray you, Sir: I am but a Servant, how cou'd I help it, marry?

Sir *Will.* You cou'd not help being with a Whore your ſelf; Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah. Here honeſt Mob, courſe this Whore to ſome purpoſe. A Whore, a Whore, a Whore. *She runs out, the Rabble run after, and tear her, crying, a Whore, a Whore.*

Sir *Edw.* This is wiſely done! If they murder her, you'll be hang'd: I am in Commiſſion for *Middleſex*; I muſt ſee to appeaſe them.

Sir *Will.* Sirrah, Rogue, bring me to my Son inſtantly, or I'll cut your Throat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella, Tereſia, Ruth.

Iſab. Dear *Ruth*, thou doſt for ever oblige us.

Tereſ. And ſo much, that none but our own Mothers cou'd ever do it more.

Ruth. Oblige your ſelves, and be not ſilly, coy, and nice: Strike me when the Iron's hot, I ſay. They have great Eſtates, and are both Friends, I know both their Families and Conditions.

Enter Belfond *Jun. and* Truman.

Here they are: Welcom Friends.

Tru. How doſt thou?

Ruth. Theſe are the Damſels, I will retire, and watch, leſt the Old Man ſurprize us. *Ex.* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Look thee, *Iſabella*, I come to confer with thee, in a matter which concerneth us both, if thou be'ſt free.

Iſab. Friend, 'tis like I am.

Tru. And mine with thee is of the ſame nature.

Tereſ. Proceed.

Belf. Jun. Something within me whiſpereth, that we were made as helps for one another.

Tereſ. They Act very well, Couſin.

Iſab. For young beginners. Come, leave off your *Canaaniti ſh* Dialect, and talk like the Inhabiters of this World.

Tereſ. We are as errant Hypocrites as the beſt of you.

Iſab. We were bred otherwiſe than you ſee, and are able to hear you talk like Gentlemen.

Tereſ. You come to our Meeting like Sparks and Beaux, and I never cou'd perceive much Devotion in you.

Iſab. 'Tis ſuch a pain to diſſemble, that I am reſolv'd I'll never do it, but when I muſt.

Belf. Jun. Dear Madam, I cou'd wiſh all forms were laid aſide betwixt us: But in ſhort, I am moſt infinitely in love with you, and muſt be for ever miſerable if I go without you.

Iſab. A frank and hearty Declaration, which you make with ſo much confidence, I warrant you have been us'd to it.

Tru. There is not a difficulty in the World which I would ſtop at to obtain your Love, the only thing on Earth cou'd make me happy.

Tereſ. And you are as much in earneſt now, as you were when you came firſt to us even now.

Iſab. That's well urg'd: Cannot you Gentlemen counterfeit Love, as well as Religion?

Belf. Jun. Love is ſo natural, it cannot be affected.

Tru. To ſhow you mine is ſo, take me at my word: I am ready to render on diſcretion.

Tereſ. And was this the reaſon you frequented our Pariſh-Church?

Belf. Jun. Cou'd you think our buſineſs was to hear your Teacher ſpin out an hour, over a Velvet Cuſhion?

Iſab. Prophane men! I warrant they came to *Ogle*.

Tru. Even ſo: Our Eyes might tell you what we came for.

Belf. Jun. In ſhort, dear Madam, our opportunities are like to be ſo few, your confinement being ſo cloſe, that 'tis fit to make uſe of this; 'tis not your Fortune which I aim at, my Unkle will make a ſettlement equal to it, were it more; but 'tis your Charming perſon.

Iſab. And you wou'd have me a fine forward Lady, to love *Extempore*.

Belf. Jun. Madam, you have but few minutes to make uſe of, and therefore ſhou'd improve thoſe few: Your Unkle has ſold you for 5000 *l.* and for ought I know, you have not this night good for your deliverance.

Tru. Conſider, Ladies, if you had not better truſt a couple of honeſt Gentlemen, than an Old Man, that makes his market of you:

you: For I can tell you, you tho his own Daughter, are to be ſold too.

Tereſ. But for all that, our conſents are to be had.

Belf. Jun. You can look for nothing, but a more ſtrict confinement, which muſt follow your Refuſal: Now, if you have the Courage to venture an Eſcape, we are the Knights that will relieve you.

Tru. I have an Eſtate Madam, equal to your Fortune: But I have nothing can deſerve your Love: But I'll procure your freedom, then uſe it as you pleaſe.

Belf. Jun. If you are unwilling to truſt us, you can truſt your Governeſs, whom you ſhall have with you.

Iſab. And what wou'd you and the World ſay of us for this?

Belf. Jun. We ſhould Adore you: And I am apt to think the World would not condemn your choice.

Tru. But I am ſure, all the World will condemn your delay, in the condition you are in. *Enter* Ruth.

Ruth. I ſee Mr. *Scrapeall* coming at the end of the Street: Begon, I'le bring them to your Chamber in the *Temple*, this Evening. Haſt, haſt out at the Back-door.

Belf. Jun. This is moſt unfortunate.

Tru. Dear Madam, let me Seal my Vows.

Ruth. Go, go: begon, begon, Friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scrapeall, *croſſes the Stage; enter Mrs.* Termagant *and her Brother.*

Term. You ſee, Brother, we have dogg'd *Belfond*, till we ſaw him enter the Houſe of this Scrivener with his Friend *Truman*, both in diſguiſes; which, with what we have heard even now, at the neighbouring Alehouſe, convinces me, that 'tis he is to marry the rich Niece.

Bro. They ſay ſhe is to be Marry'd to the Son of Sir *William Belfond*, and that Sir *William* gives a great ſumm of Mony to her Unkle for her; by this it ſhould ſeem to be the Elder Son, and not our Enemy, who is diſguis'd for her.

Term. If ſo, the Villain would not at full day go thither.

Bro. But 'tis in a diſguiſe.

Term. With that, I ſuppoſe the Son pretends to be a Puritan too, or ſhe would not have him; it muſt be he. And if you will

will do as I directed you, I warrant I'le break off his Match; and by that work an Exquiſite piece of Revenge.

Bro. I am wholly at your diſpoſe.

Term. Now is the time, the Door opens; purſue me with a drawn Dagger, with all the ſeeming Fury imaginable, now as the Old Man comes out. Scrapeall *paſſes over the Stage.*

Brother purſues her with a drawn Dagger, ſhe runs and gets into the Houſe, and claps the Door after her.

Enter within, Ruth, Tereſia, Iſabella, Termagant.

Bro. Where is the Jade? Deliver her to me, I'll cut her in piece meal: Deliver her, I ſay. Well, you will not deliver her; I ſhall watch her.

Term. Oh, Oh! Where is the Murderer? Where is he? I die with fear, I die.

Ruth. Prithee, Woman, Comfort thy ſelf, no Man ſhall hurt thee here. Take a Sup of this Bottle. *She pulls out a Silver Strong-Water Bottle.*

Ter. Thou art ſafe.

Iſab. We will defend thee here, as in a Caſtle. But what is the occaſion of this Man's fury?

Term. You are ſo generous, in giving me this Succour, and promiſing my defence, that I am reſolv'd not to conceal it from you: Tho' I muſt confeſs, I have no reaſon to boaſt of it; but I hope your Charity will Interpret it as well as you can on my ſide.

Ruth. Go on: Thou need'ſt not fear.

Term. Know then, I am a Gentlewoman, whoſe Parents dying when I was ſixteen, left me a moderate Fortune, yet able to maintain me like their Daughter. I choſe an Aunt my Guardian, one of thoſe Jolly Widows who love Gaming, and have great reſort in the Evenings at their Houſes.

Ruth. Good: Proceed.

Term. There it was my misfortune to be acquainted with a young Gentleman, whoſe Face, Air, Mein, Shape, Wit, and Breeding, not I alone, but the whole Town Admires.

Ruth. Very good.

Term. By all his Looks, his Geſtures, and Addreſſes, he ſeem'd in Love with me: The Joy that I conceiv'd at this, I wanted Cunning to conceal, but he muſt needs perceive it flaſh in my Eyes, and kindle in my Face; he ſoon began to court me in ſuch ſweet, ſuch Charming Words, as wou'd betray a more experienc'd Heart than mine.

Ruth.

Ruth. Humh: Very well; ſhe ſpeaks notably.

Term. There was but little left for him to do, for I had done it all before for him: He had a Friend within too ready to give up the Fort; yet I held out as long as I could make defence.

Ruth. Good lack a day! Some Men have ſtrange Charms, it is confeſs'd.

Term. Yet I was ſafe by Solemn mutual Oaths, in private we were contracted: He wou'd have it private, becauſe he fear'd to offend an Unkle, from whom he had great expectance; but now came all my Miſery.

Ruth. Alack, alack, I warrant he was falſe.

Term. Falſe as a Crocodile: He watch'd the fatal Minute, and he found it, and greedily ſeiz'd upon me, when I truſted to his Honour and his Oaths; he ſtill ſwore on, that he wou'd Marry me, and I Sinn'd on: In ſhort, I had a Daughter by him, now three years old, as true a Copy as e'er Nature drew, Beauteous, and Witty to a Miracle.

Ruth. Nay, Men are faithleſs, I can ſpeak it.

Tereſ. Poor Lady; I am ſtrangely concern'd for her.

Iſab. She was a Fool, to be catch'd in ſo common a Snare.

Term. From time to time he ſwore he wou'd Marry me; though I muſt think I am his Wife as much as any Prieſt can make me; but ſtill he found Excuſes about his Unkle. I wou'd have patiently waited till his Unkle's death, had he been true; but he has thrown me off, abandon'd me, without ſo much as a pretended Crime. *Ruth.* Alack, and well-a-day! It makes me weep.

Term. But 'tis for an Attorney's Daughter, whom he keeps, and now is fond of; while he treats me with all contempt and hatred.

Iſab. Tho' ſhe was a Fool, yet he's a baſe inhuman Fellow.

Tereſ. To ſcorn and hate her, for her Love to him.

Term. By this means, my Diſhonour, which had been yet conceal'd, became ſo publick, my Brother coming from the Wars of *Hungary*, has hear'd all, has this day fought with the Author of my Miſery, but was diſarm'd; and now by Accident he ſpy'd me by your Houſe, I having fled the place where I had lodg'd, for fear of him; and here the Bloody Man would have kill'd me, for the diſhonour done to his Family, which never yet was blemiſht.

Ruth. Get the Chief Juſtices Warrant, and bind him to the Peace.

Tereſ. She tells her ſtory well.

Iſab. 'Tis a very odd one; but ſhe expreſſes it ſo ſenſibly, I cannot but believe her.

Term. If they do not ask me who this is, I have told my Tale in vain. Now, Ladies, I hope you have charity enough, to pardon the weakneſs of a poor Young Woman, who ſuffers ſhame enough within.

Tereſ. We ſhall be glad to do you what kindneſs we can.

Term. Oh, had you ſeen this moſt bewitching perſon, ſo Beautiful, Witty, and well bred, and full of moſt Gentleman-like Qualities, you wou'd be the readier to have Compaſſion on me.

Iſab. Pray, who is it?

Term. Alas, 'tis no ſecret, it is *Belfond*, who calls Sir *Edward Belfond* Father, but is his Nephew.

Iſab. What do I hear? Was ever Woman ſo unfortunate as I, in her firſt Love.

Tereſ. 'Tis moſt unlucky.

Term. That is the Niece: I ſee 'twas he who was to Marry her.

Iſab. But I am glad I have thus early heard it: I'le never ſee his face more.

Ruth. All this is falſe: He is a Pious man, and true Profeſſor. This vile Woman will break the Match off, and undo my hopes. *aſide.*

Term. 'Tis as I thought. He is a Ranting Blade, a Royſter of the Town. *aſide.*

Ruth. Come you are an idle Woman, and belye him; begon out of the doors; there's the back-way, you need not pretend fear of your Brother.

Term. I am oblig'd enough in the preſent defence you gave me: I intended not to trouble you long; but Heav'n can witneſs what I ſay is true.

Iſab. Do you hear Couſin? 'tis moſt certain, I'll never ſee him.

Ruth. Go, wicked Woman, go, what evil Spirit ſent thee hither? I ſay begon.

Term. I go. I care not what ſhe ſays, it works where I wou'd have it. Your Servant Ladies. *Exit.*

Ruth. Go, go, thou wicked Slanderer.

Tereſ.

Tereſ. See him but once, to hear what he can ſay in his Defence.

Iſab. Yes, to hear him lye, as all the Sex will: Perſuade me not; I am fix'd.

Ruth, Look thee, *Iſabella.*

Iſab. I am reſolv'd. *Exit* Iſabella *haſtily.*

Tereſ. Dear *Ruth*, thou deareſt Friend, whom once we took for our moſt cruel Gaolor, let's follow, and help me to convince her of her Error; but I am reſolv'd, if ſhe be ſtubborn, to undo her ſelf, ſhe ſhall not ruine me: I will eſcape.

Ruth, Let us perſuade her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Belfond *ſen. and* Hackum.

Belf. ſen. Captain, call all my Servants, why don't they wait?

Enter Margaret, *and Mrs.* Hackum *with a Cawdle.*

O, my pure Blowing, my convenient my Tackle!

Marg. How doſt thou, my Dear?

Mrs. Hack. I have brought you a Cawdle here; there's Amber-greeſe in it, 'tis a rare refreſhing, ſtrengthning thing.

Belf. ſen. What, adad, you take me for a Bride-groom; I ſcorn a Cawdle, give me ſome Cherry brandy, I'le drink her Health in a Bumper: Do thee eat this, Child.

Mrs. Hack. I have that at hand—here, Sir. *She fetches the Brandy.*

Enter Captain Hack. *and Servants.*

Belf. Sen. Come, my dear Natural, here's a Bumper of Cherry-brandy to thy Health; but firſt let me kiſs thee, my dear Rogue.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Some Thunderbolt light on my Head; what's this I ſee?

Belf. Sen. My Father!

Enter Cheatly *and* Shamwell.

Sir Will. Hey, here's the whole Kennel of Hell-hounds.

Cheat. Bear up to him, bow, wow.

Shamw. Do not flinch, bow, wow.

Belf. ſen. Bow, wow, Bow, wow.

Sir Will. Moſt impudent abandon'd Raſcal; let me go, Let me come at him; audacious Varlet, how durſt thou look on me?

He endeavours to fly at his Son, Footmen hold him.

Belf. ſen. Go ſtrike your Dogs, and call them names, you have nothing to do with me, I am of full Age; and I thank Heaven,

am gotten looſe from your Yoak, don't think to put upon me, I'le be kept no longer like a *Prigſter*, a ſilly *Country Put*, fit for nothing but to be a *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, or ſo.

Sir Will. A moſt perfect downright Canting Rogue; am I not your Father, Sirrah? Sirrah, am I not?

Belf. ſen. Yes, and Tenant for Life to my Eſtate in Tail, and I'le look to you, that you commit no waſte; what-a-Pox, did you think to Noſe me for ever, as the Saying is? I am not ſo *dark* neith'r, I am *ſharp*, *ſharp* as a *Needle*, I can *ſmoak* now, as ſoon as another.

Sir Will. Let me come at him.

Cheat. So long as you forbear all Violence you are ſafe; but if you ſtrike here, we command the *Fryers*, and we will raiſe the *Poſſe*.

Sir Will. O Villain! thou notorious undoer of young Heirs: And thou pernicious Wretch, thou art no part of me; have I from thy firſt ſwadling nouriſh'd thee and bred thee up with Care.

Belf. ſen. Yes, with care to keep your Money from me, and breed me in the greateſt Ignorance, fit for your Slave, and not your Son; I had been finely *dark* if I had ſtaid at home.

Sir Will. Were you not Educated like a Gentleman?

Belf. ſen. No like a *Graſier* or a *Butcher*; if I had ſtaid in the Country, I had never ſeen ſuch a *Nab*, a rum Nab, ſuch a Modiſh *Porker*, ſuch ſpruce and neat Accoutrements; here is a *Tatle*? here's a *Famble*, and here's the *Cole*, the *Ready*, the *Rhino*, the *Darby*; I have a luſty *Cod* Old Prigg, I'd have thee know, and am very *Rhinocerical*, here are *Meggs* and *Smelts* good ſtore, *Decuſes* and *Georges*, the Land is Entail'd, and I will have my *Snack* of it while I am young, adad, I will. Hah!

Sir Will. Some Mountain cover me, and hide my Shame for ever from the World; did I not beget thee, Rogue?

Belf. ſen. What know I whether you did or not? but 'twas not to uſe me like a Slave, but I am ſharp and ſmoaky, I had been purely Bred, had I been Rul'd by you, I ſhould never have known theſe Worthy Ingenious Gentlemen, my dear Friends, all this fine Language had been Heathen Greek to me, and I had ne'r been able to have *cut a Sham* or *Banter* while I had liv'd, a Dad; Odſookers, I know my ſelf, and will have nothing to do with you.

Sir Will.

Sir William. I am aſtoniſh'd!

Belf. ſen. Shall my younger Brother keep his Coach and Equipage, and ſhine like a *Spruce* Prigg, and I be your *Bayly* in the Country? Hi, *La Mar*; bid my Coach be ready at the Door; I'll make him know I am elder Brother, and I will have the better Liveries, and I am reſolved to *mannage* my *Natural*, my *pure Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Peculiar*, my *Tackle*, my *Pureſt Pure*, as the reſt of the young Gentlemen of the Town do.

Sir William, A moſt confirm'd Alſatian Rogue! *Aſide.* Thou moſt ungracious Wretch to break from me, at ſuch a time, when I had provided a Wife for you, a Pretty Young Lady, with fifteen thouſand Pound down, have ſetled a great Jointure upon her, and a large Eſtate in Preſent on you, the Writings all ſealed, and nothing wanting but you, whom I had ſend for Poſt out of the Country to marry her!

Belf. ſen. Very likely, that you, who have cudgel'd me from my Cradle, and made me your Slave, and grutch'd me a Crown in my Pocket, ſhould do all this.

Cheat. Believe him not; there's not one Word of Truth in't.

Sham. This is a Trick to get you in his Power.

Sir Will. The Writings are all at my Attorney's in the Temple; you may go with me, and ſee'm all; and, if you will comply, I'le pardon what is paſt and marry you.

Belf. ſen. No, no, I am *ſharp*, as I told you, and *ſmoaky*; you ſhall not *put* upon me, I underſtand your *Shams*; but to talk fairly, in all occurrences of this nature, which either may, or may not be, according to the different accidents which often intervene upon ſeveral opportunities, from whence we may collect either Good or Bad, according to the nature of the things themſelves; and foraſmuch as whether they be Good or Bad concerns only the Underſtanding, ſo far forth as it employes it's Faculties: Now ſince all this is premiſed, let us come to the matter in hand.

Sir Will. Prodigious Impudence! O Devil! I'le to my Lord Chief Juſtice, and with his Tipſtaff I'le do your Buſineſs, Rogues Dogs and Villains, I will. *Exit in fury.*

Cheat. This was bravely carry'd on.

Sham. Moſt admirably.

Belf. ſen. Ai, was't not? Don't I begin to *Banter* pretty well? ha!

Cheat. Rarely: But a Word in Private, my *reſplendent Prig.*

You ſee your Father reſolves to put ſome Trick upon you; be before-hand with him, and marry this Fortune I have prepared; looſe not Time but ſee her, and treat with her, if you like her, as ſoon as you can.

Belf. ſen. You are in the right; let not my *Blowing* hear a Word; I'le to her inſtantly.

Cheat. Shamwel and I'le go and prepare her for a Viſit; you know the place.

Belf. ſen. I do, come along.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, *and Mrs.* Termagant, *in her fine Lodgings.*

Cheat. Madam, you muſt carry your ſelf ſomewhat Stately, but Courteouſly, to the Bubble.

Sham. Somewhat reſerv'dly, and yet ſo as to give him hopes.

Term. I warrant you, let me alone; and if I effect this buſineſs, you are the beſt Friends; ſuch Friends as I could never yet expect: 'Twill be an exquiſite Revenge.

Cheat. He comes! come Noble Eſquire. *Enter* Belfond *Senior.* Madam, this is the Gentleman whom I would recommend to your Ladiſhips favour, who is ambitious of Kiſſing your Hand.

Belf. Sen. Yes, Madam, as Mr. *Cheatly* ſays, I am ambitious of Kiſſing your Hand, and your Lip too, Madam; for I vow to gad, Madam, there is not a Perſon in the World, Madam, has a greater honour for your Perſon: And, Madam, I aſſure you I am a Perſon——

Term. My good Friend, Mr. *Cheatly*, with whom I intruſt the Management of my ſmall Fortune——

Cheat. Small Fortune! nay it is a large one——

Term. He's told me of your Family and Character: To your Name I am no Stranger, nor to your Eſtate, though this is the firſt time I have had the honour to ſee your Perſon.

Belf. Sen. Hold, good Madam, the Honour lies on my ſide; ſhe's a rare Lady, ten times handſomer than my *Blowing*: (And here's a Lodging and Furniture for a Queen!) Madam, if your Ladiſhip pleaſe to accept of my Affection in an Honourable way, you ſhall find I am no *Putt*, no *Country Prigſter*, nor ſhall ever want the *Meggs*, the *Smelts*, *Decuſes* and *Georges*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*: I am *Rhinocerical.*

Term. I want nothing Sir, Heaven be thanked.

Sham.

Sham. Her worſt Servants eat in Plate ; and her Maids have all Silver Chamber-pots.

Belf. Sen. Madam, I beg your pardon, I am ſomewhat Bowſie ; I have been drinking *Bumpers* and *Facers* till I am almoſt *Cleare :* I have 3000 *l.* a year, and 2000 pounds-worth of Wood, which I can turn into *Cole* and *Ready*, and my Eſtate ne'er the worſe ; ther's only the Incumbrance of an Old Fellow upon it, and I ſhall break his heart ſuddenly.

Term. This is a weighty matter, and requires advice : nor is it a ſudden work to perſuade my heart to Love. I have my Choice of Fortunes.

Belf. Sen. Very like Madam : But Mr. *Cheatly* and my Couſin *Shamwell* can tell you that my Occaſions require haſt, dee ſee ! and therefore I deſire you to reſolve as ſoon as conveniently you can.

A noiſe of a Tumult without, and Blowing of a Horn.

Cheat. What's this I hear ?

Sham. They are up in the *Friers* : Pray Heaven the Sheriffs Officers be not come.

Cheat. 'Slife, 'tis ſo ; ſhift for your ſelves ; Squire let me conduct you— This is your wicked Father with Officers. *Exit.*

Cry without, The Tip ſtaff, an Arreſt, an Arreſt ; and the Horn blows.

Enter Sir William, Belfond, *and a Tip-ſtaff, with the Conſtable and his Watch men ; and againſt them the Poſſe of the* Friers *drawn up, Bankrupts hurrying to eſcape.*

Sir Will. Are you mad to reſiſt the Tip-ſtaff, the King's Authority ?

They cry out, An Arreſt. Several flock to 'em with all ſorts of Weapons. Women with Fire-Forks, Spits, Paring-Shovels, &c.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Belfond *Sen. and* Hackum.

Cheat. We are too ſtrong for 'em : Stand our ground.

Sir *Will.* We demand that ſame *Squire*, *Cheatly*, *Shamwell*, and *Bully Hackum* : Deliver them up, and all the reſt of you are ſafe.

Hack. Not a Man.

Sir *Will.* Nay then, have at you.

Tip-ſt. I charge you, in the King's Name, all to aſſiſt me.

Rabble. Fall on.

Cheat. Come on thou wick-

Rabble beat the Conſtable and the reſt into the Temple. Tip-ſtaff runs away. They take Sir William *Priſoner.*

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ed Author ot this Broil. You are our Priſoner.

Sir *Will.* Let me go, Rogue.

Sham. Now we have you in the Temple, we'll ſhew you the Pump firſt.

Sir *Will.* Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

Sham. To the Pump, to the Pump.

Hack. Pump him, Pump him.

Belf. Sen. Ay, Pump him, Pump him, Old Prigg.

Rabb. Pump, Pump, to the Pump; Huzza!

Enter Belfond *Junior*, Truman, *and ſeveral Gentlemen*, *Porter of the Temple*, *and* Belfond's *Footmen.*

Belf. Jun. What's the matter here?

Trum. The Rabble have catcht a Bailiff.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell, 'tis my Father; 'tis a Gentleman, my Father. Gentlemen, I beſeech you lend me your hands to his Reſcue.

Trum. Come on, Raſcals: Have we caught you? We'll make you an Example.

Belf. Jun. Here! where are the Officers of the Temple? Porter, do you ſhut the Gates into *White Friers.*

All Draw, and fall upon the Rabble. Belfond *Sen. runs firſt away. The Templers beat 'em, and take* Cheatly, Shamwell *and* Hackum *Priſoners.*

Port. I will, Sir.

Belf. Jun. Here's a Guinea among ye. See theſe three Rogues well Pumpt, and let 'em gothrough the whole Courſe.

Cheat. Hold, hold, I am a Gentleman.

Sham. I am your Couſin.

Hack. Hold, hold, Scoundrels, I am a Captain.

Belf. Jun. Away with 'em.

Sir *Will.* Away with 'em. Dear Son, I am infinitely oblig'd to you; I ask your Pardon for all that I have ſaid againſt you: I have wrong'd you.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, reflect not on that; I am reſolv'd, e'er I have done, to deſerve your good Word.

Sir *Will.* 'Twas ill Fortune, we have miſs'd my moſt ungracious Rebel, that Monſter of Villany.

Belf. Jun. Let me alone with him Sir, upon my Honour I will deliver him ſafe this Night. But now let us ſee the Execution.

Sir *Will.* Dear *Ned*, you bring Tears into my Eyes. Let me Embrace

Embrace thee, my only Comfort now.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, let's on and ſee the Juſtice of this place.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum.

Cheat. O Unmerciful Dogs! Were ever Gentlemen us'd thus before? I am drencht into a Quartan Ague.

Sham. My Limbs are ſtiff and numb'd all over: But where I am beaten and bruis'd, there I have ſome Senſe left.

Hack. Dry Blows I could have borne magnanimouſly; but to be made ſuch a Sop of—— Beſides, I have had the worſt of it, by wearing my own Hair; to be Shav'd all on one ſide, and with a Lather made of Channel-dirt, inſtead of a Waſh-ball: I have loſt half the beſt Head of Hair in the Friers; and a Whisker, worth Fifty Pound in its Intrinſick Value to a Commander.

Cheat. Indeed your Magnanimous Phyz is ſomewhat disfigur'd by it, Captain.

Sham. Your Military Countenance has loſt much of its Ornament.

Hack. I am as diconſolate as a Bee that has loſt his Sting; the other Moity of Whisker muſt follow: Then all the terror of my Face is gone; that Face that us'd to fright young Priggs into Submiſſion. I ſhall now look but like an Ordinary Man.

Cheat. We'll ſwinge theſe Rogues with Indictments for a Riot, and with Actions *Sans Nombre*.

Sham. What Reparation will that be? I am a Gentleman, and can never ſhew my face amongſt my Kindred more.

Cheat. We that can ſhew our Faces after what we have done, may well ſhew 'em after what we have ſuffer'd. Great Souls are above Ordinances, and never can be Slaves to Fame.

Hack. My Honour is tender, and this one Affront will coſt me at leaſt five Murders.

Cheat. Let's not prate and ſhiver in cold Fits here, but call your Wife with the Cherry-Brandy, and let's ask after the Squire: If they have taken him, 'tis the worſt part of the Story.

Hack.

Hack. No, I ſaw the Squire run into the *Friers* at firſt. But I'll go fetch ſome Cherry-Brandy, *Steps in for Brandy.* and that will comfort us.
Here's the Bottle, lets drink by Word of Mouth. *Drinks.*

Cheat. Your Cherry-Brandy is moſt ſovereingn *Cheatly drinks.* and edifying.

Sham. Moſt exceeding comfortable after *Drinks.* our *Temple-Pickling.*

Cheat. A Fiſh has a dam'd life on't: I ſhall have that Averſion to Water, after this— that I ſhall ſcarce ever be cleanly enough to waſh my Face again.

Hack. Well! I'll to the Barbers and get my ſelf Shav'd; then go to the Squire and be new Accouter'd. *Exit Hack.*

Cheat. Dear *Shamwell*, we muſt not for a little Affliction, forget our main Buſineſs; our Caravan muſt be well manag'd: He is now drunk, and when he wakes, will be very fit to be Marry'd. Mrs. *Termagant* has given us a Judgment of 2000 *l.* upon that condition.

Sham. The ſooner we diſpoſe of him, the better; for All his Kindred are bent to retrieve him; and the *Temple* joyning in the War againſt us, will go near to be too hard for us; ſo that we muſt make what we can of him immediately.

Cheat. If he ſhould be once Cool, or Irreſolute, we have loſt him, and all our hopes; but when we have ſufficiently dipt him, as we ſhall by this Marriage and her Judgment, he is our own for ever.

Sham. But what ſhall we do for our *White-Friers* Chaplain, our *Alſatian* Divine? I was in ſearch of him before our late Misfortune, and the Rogue is hol'd ſomewhere, I could not find him, and we are undone without him.

Cheat. 'Tis true; pray go inſtantly and find him out; he dares not ſtir out of this Covert; beat it well all over for him, you'll find him tappes'd in ſome Ale-houſe, Bawdy-houſe, or Brandy-ſhop.

Sham. He's a brave ſwinging Orthodox, and will Marry any Couple at any time; he defies Licenſe, and Canonical Hours, and all thoſe fooliſh Ceremonies.

Cheat. Pr'ithe look after him, while I go to prepare the Lady.

Sham. You Rogue, *Cheatly*, you have a loving Deſign upon her;

her; you will go to twelve with the Squire: If you do, will have my ſnack.

Cheat. Go, go, you are a wag. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Ruth, Belfond *Junior and* Truman *at* Scrapeall's *houſe.*

Ruth. She told her Tale ſo paſſionately, that *Iſabella* believes every word of it; and is reſolv'd, as ſhe ſays, never to ſee thee more.

Belf. Jun. Oh, this moſt malicious, and moſt infamous of her Sex; there is not the leaſt truth in her Accuſation.

Tru. That to my knowledge, he is not a Man of thoſe Principles.

Ruth. I will ſend them to you, if I can; and in the mean time, be upon the Watch.

Tru. Take this Writing with thee; which is a Bond from us, to make good our Agreement with thee.

Ruth. 'Tis well, and ſtill I doubt not to perform my part. *Ex.*

Belf. Jun. Was ever man plagu'd with a Wench like me? Well, ſay what they will, the life of a Whore-Maſter is a fooliſh, reſtleſs, anxious life; and there's an end of it. What can be done with this malicious Devil? A Man cannot offer violence to a Woman.

Tru. Steal away her Child, and then you may awe her.

Belf. Jun. I have Emiſſaries abroad, to find out the Child; but ſhe'll Sacrifice that, and all the World, to her Revenge.

Tru. You muſt Arreſt her upon a Swinging Action, which ſhe cannot get Bail for, and keep her till ſhe's humbled.

Enter Tereſia.

Madam, I kiſs your hands.

Tereſ. You have done well, Mr. *Belfond*: Here has been a Lady, whom you have had a Child by, were Contracted to, and have deſerted, for an Attorny's Daughter which you keep; my Couſin ſays ſhe will never ſee you more.

Belf. Jun. If this be true, Madam, I deſerve never to ſee her more; which wou'd be worſe than Death to me.

Tereſ. I have prevail'd with her once more to ſee you, and hear what you can ſay to this: Come, come, Couſin. *She Leads in* Iſab. Look you, Couſin, Mr. *Belfond* denies all this matter.

Iſab. I never doubted that: but certainly it is impoſſible to counterfeit ſo lively as ſhe did.

Belf. Jun. Heaven is my Witneſs that her Accuſation is falſe: I never was yet contracted to any Woman, nor made the leaſt promiſe, or gave any one the leaſt hope of it; and if I do not demonſtrate my innocence to you, I will be content for ever to be debarr'd the ſight of you, more priz'd by me than Liberty, or Life.

Iſab. And yet perhaps theſe very words were ſaid to her.

Tru. Madam, you have not time, if you value your own Liberty; to Argue any longer: We will carry you to Sir *Edward Belfonds*, his Siſter is his Houſe-keeper, and there you may be entertain'd with ſafety of your Honour.

Tereſ. He is eſteem'd a Worthy Gentleman; nor cou'd we chuſe a better Guardian.

Iſab. At leaſt, how could you uſe a Woman ill, you had a Child by.

Belf. Jun. Not all the malice of Mankind can equal hers. I have been frail, I muſt confeſs, as others; and though I have provided for her and her Child, yet every day ſhe does me all the moſt outragious miſchief ſhe can poſſibly conceive; but this has touch'd me in the tender'ſt point.

Iſab. 'Twould be much for my honour, to put myſelf into the hands of a known Wencher.

Belf. Jun. Into the hands of one, who has abandon'd all the thoughts of Vice and Folly for you.

Tru. Beſides, Madam, you neither of you truſt us; your Governeſs is with you, and yet we are ready to make good our words by the Aſſiſtance of a Parſon.

Tereſ. That's another point: But I am ſure, Couſin, there is no dallying about our Liberty: If you be in Love with your Jayl, ſtay; I, for my part, am reſolv'd to go.

Belf. Ju. My Unkle's a vertuous honourable Man; my Aunt, his Siſter, a Lady of great Piety: think if you will not be ſafer there, than with your Unkle, by whom you are ſold for 5000 *l.* to my knowledge, to one who is the moſt debauch'd diſſolute Fellow this day in *London.*

Tereſ. Liberty, liberty, I ſay; I'le truſt my ſelf, and my Governeſs. *Enter* Ruth.

Ruth. Haſte, and agree: Your Father has ſent to have Supper ready in leſs than half an hour. *Tereſ.*

Tereſ. Away, away; I am ready; Couſin, farewel.

Belf. Jun. For Heavens ſake, Madam, on my knees I beg you to make uſe of this occaſion, or you have loſt your ſelf; and I too ſhall for ever loſe you for Marriage; which alone can keep me from being the moſt miſerable: you may adviſe, and all things ſhall be clear'd up to your wiſh.

Tereſ. Farewel, Dear Couſin: let's kiſs at parting.

Iſab. Sure thou haſt not the Conſcience; thou wilt not leave me?

Tereſ. By my troth but I will.

Iſab. By my troth but you ſhall not; for I'le go with thee.

Belf. Jun. May all the joys of Life for ever wait on you.

Ruth. Haſte! haſte! begon—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. That I ſhould live to this unhappy Age! to ſee the fruit of all my hopes thus blaſted: How long, like Chymiſts have I watch'd and toil'd; and in the minute when I expected to have ſeen Projection, all is flown up in Fumo.

Enter Sir Edward.

Brother! I am aſham'd to look on you, my diſappointment is ſo great. Oh this moſt wicked Recreant! this perverſe and infamous Son.

Sir Edw. Brother, a Wiſe man is never diſappointed. Mans life is like a Game at Tables; if at any time the Caſt you moſt ſhall need does not come up: let that which comes inſtead of it be mended by your play.

Sir Will. How different have been our Fates? I left the pleaſures of the Town, to Marry, which was no ſmall Bondage, had Children, which brought more care upon me: For their ſakes I liv'd a ruſtick, painful, hard, ſevere, and melancholy Life: Moroſe, Inhoſpitable, ſparing even Neceſſaries; Tenaceous, even to griping, for their good: My Neighbours ſhunn'd me, my Friends neglected me, my Children hate me, and wiſh my Death: Nay, this wicked Son in whom I had ſet up my reſt, and principally for whoſe good I thus had liv'd, has now defeated all my hopes.

Sir Edw. 'Twas your own choice: you would not learn from others.

Sir Will. You have liv'd ever at eaſe, indulg'd all Pleaſures, and melted down your time in daily Feaſts, and in continual Re-

vels : Gentle, Complaiſant, Affable, and Liberal, at great expence : The World ſpeaks well of you ; Mankind embrace you ; your Son Loves you, and wiſhes your Life as much as he can do his own. But I'll perplex my ſelf no more : I look upon this Raſcal as an Excrement, a Wen, or Grangren'd Limb, lop't off.

Sir Edw. Rather look on him as a Diſlocated one, and get him Set again : By this time you ſee, Severity will do nothing, entice him back to you by Love. In ſhort, give him his Liberty, and a good allowance : There now remains no other way to reclaim him ; for like a Stone-horſe broke in among the Mares, no Fence hereafter will contain him.

Sir Will. Brother, I look upon you as a true Friend, that would not inſult upon my Folly and Preſumption, and confeſs you are nearer to the right than I: Your Son I hope will be a Comfort to me.

Sir Edw. I doubt it not ; but conſider, if you do not reconcile your ſelf, and reclaim yours, as I tell you, you Lop off the Paternal Eſtate, which is all Entail'd for ever from your Family : For, in the Courſe he is, the Reverſion will be gone in your Life time.

Enter Belfond Jun. Truman, Iſabella, Tereſia, *and* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Here are my Father and my Unkle : Mask your ſelves, Ladies ; you muſt not yet diſcover who you are.

Sir Edw. Yonder's *Ned*, and his Friend, with Ladies Mask'd : Who ſhou'd they be.

Sir Will. Whores, Whores, what ſhou'd they be elſe ? Here's a Comfortable ſight again ! He is incorrigible.

Sir Edw. 'Tis you that are incorrigible : How ready are you with your Cenſures !

Belf. Jun. Sir, pardon the freedom I uſe with you ; I humbly deſire protection for theſe Ladies in your Houſe : They are Women of Honour, I do aſſure you, and deſire to be Conceal'd for ſome ſmall time ; an Hour hence I will diſcover all to you, and you will than approve of what I do.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, I will truſt thy Honour ; and without any Examination, do as you would have me.

Sir Will. Why, Brother, what a Pox, will you Pimp for your Son ? What a Devil, will you make your Houſe a Bawdy Houſe ?

Sir Edw. What, will the Muſt never be gotten out of your old Veſſel ? Ladies, be pleas'd to Honour my Houſe ; and be aſſur'd, that

that while you are there, 'tis yours. *He waits on the Ladies, &* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Sir, my Friend and I are juſt now going to do you Service: I'll pawn my Life to you, Sir, I will retrieve your Rebel Son, and immediately reſtore him to you, and bring him, as he ought to come, on's Knees, with a full Submiſſion.

Sir Will. You will oblige me: Thou gain'ſt upon me hourly, and I begin to love thee more and more.

Belf. Jun. There's nothing in the World I aim at now but your Love; and I will be bold to ſay, I ſhortly will deſerve it: But this Buſineſs requires haſte, for I have laid every thing ready; 'tis almoſt Bed time; come Friend. *Ex. with* Truman.

Sir Wil. Well, I'll ſay that for him, he is a good Natur'd Boy; it makes me weep, to think how harſh I have been to him. I'll in to my Brother, and expect the Event. *Exit.*

Enter Belfond Senior, Shamwell, *and* Hackum.

Cheat. I value not misfortune, ſo as I have my dear Friend ſtill within my Arms.

Sham. My dear, dear Coſin! I will hug thee cloſe to me; I fear'd to have loſt thee.

Belf. Sen. How happy am I in the trueſt, the deareſt Friends that ever Man enjoy'd! Well, I was ſo afflicted for you, I was forc'd to make my ſelf Deviliſh Bowſie to comfort me.

Cheat. Your Brother has heard of this great Match you are towards: She has to my knowledge, (for I do all her Law-Buſineſs for her) 1500 *l.* a year Jointure, and Ten Thouſand pound in Plate, Money, and Jewels; and this damn'd Envious Brother of yours will break it off, if you make not haſte and prevent him.

Belf. Sen. My dear Friends, you are in the right: Never Man met with ſuch before. I'll diſappoint the Rogue my Brother, and the old Prig my Father; adad, I'll do't inſtantly.

Cheat. Come, Squire, haſte: Captain, do you follow us. *Exeunt.*

Scene Changes to Mrs. Termagants *fine Lodgings.*

Enter Belfond Senior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, *Parſon*; *Mrs.* Termagant *and her Servants.*

Cheat. Madam, the time admits of no longer deliberation: If you take not this opportunity, my Friend here will be raviſh'd from us.

Belf. Sen. Ay, Madam, if you take me not now, you will loſe me Madam, you will conſider what you do. *Term.*

Term. Well, Mr. *Cheatly*, you diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe: I have ever been guided by your wiſe advice.

Sham. Come, Parſon, do your Office; have you your Book about ye?

Parſ. What, do you think I am without the Tools of my Trade?

Cheat. Can't you come preſently to the joyning of hands, and leave out the reſt of the Formalities.

Parſ. Ay, ay: Come, ſtand forth. Belf. *Sen. and Mrs.* Termagant *ſtand forth.*

Enter Belf. *Jun.* Truman, *Conſtable*, *Serjeant*, *Musketeers.*

Belf. Jun. Here they are: Seize them all.

Cheat. Hell and Damnation! We are all undone.

Belf. Sen. Hands off; let me alone: I am going to be Marry'd. You envious Raſcal to come juſt in the nick.

Belf. Jun. Brother, be ſatisfy'd, there's nothing but Honour meant to you: 'tis for your Service.

Term. Oh this accurſed Wretch, to come in this unlucky minute, and ruin all my Fortune.

Belf. Sen. She has fifteen hundred a year Joynture, and ten thouſand pound in Money, *&c.* and I had been Marry'd to her in 3 minutes.

Belf. Jun. You have ſcap'd the worſt of Ruins: Reſiſt not, for if you do, you ſhall be carry'd by Head and Heels. Your Father will receive you, and be kind, and give you as good an Allowance as ever I had.

Sham. Where's your Warrant?

Conſt. 'Tis here, from my Lord Chief Juſtice.

Belf. Jun. Let me ſee your Bride that was to be. Oh Mrs. *Termagant*! Oh Horror! Horror! What a ruin have you ſcap'd! This was my Miſtriſs, and ſtill maintain'd by me: I have a Child by her 3 years old.

Term. Impudent Villain! How dare you lye ſo baſely?

Belf. Jun. By Heav'n 'tis true.

Term. I never ſaw him in my life before.

Belf. Jun. Yes, often, to my Plague. Brother, if I do not prove this, to you, believe me not in ought I e're ſhall ſay.

Termagant *goes to ſtab at* Belfond *Jun.* Truman *lays hold on her.*

Tru. Belfond, look to your ſelf. *Belf.*

Belf. Jun. Ha! Diſarm her. This is another ſhow of her good Nature. Brother, give me your hand, I'le wait on you; and you will thank me for your deliverance.

Tru. I am aſſur'd you will: You are deliver'd from the moſt infamous, and deſtructive Villains, that ever yet took Sanctuary here.

Belf. Jun. And from two miſchiefs you muſt have for ever ſunk under, Inceſt and Beggary. Thoſe three are only in the Warrant with my Brother; him I'le wait upon, bring you the Reſt. Hey! the cry is up; but we are provided. *A great noiſe in the Streets, and the Horn Blowing; an Arreſt, an Arreſt.*

Cheat. Undone, undone, all's loſt!

Sham. Ruin'd; for ever loſt!

Hack. I am ſurpriz'd, and cannot fight my way through.

Belf. Sen. What, are all theſe Rogues? and that a Whore? and am I cheated!

Belf. Jun. Ev'n ſo; come along; make ready Musketeers.

Belf. Jun. Do you take care of my Brother, and conduct him with the reſt to my Unkles Houſe: I muſt go before, and carry my little Miſtreſs, to make up the buſineſs with her Father.

Tru. I'll do it, I warrant you.

Serjeant. We are ready. *Exeunt all but Mrs.* Termagant.

Term. Oh Vile Misfortune! had he but ſtaid ſix minutes, I had Crown'd all my Revenge with one brave Act, in Marrying of his Brother. Well, I have one piece of Vengeance, which I will Execute, or periſh: Beſides I'le have his Blood, and then I'le dye contented.

Scene the Street.

Enter Belfond *Junior*, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Truman, *Conſtable*, *Serjeant*, *Guards*.

Tru. What do all theſe Rabble here?

Conſt. Fire amongſt 'em.

Serj. Preſent. *The Debtors run up and down, ſome without their Breeches, others without their Coats; ſome out of Balconies; ſome crying out, Oars, Oars, Sculler, five pound for a Boat, ten pound for a Boat, twenty pound for a Boat. The Inhabitants all come out arm'd as before; but as ſoon as they ſee the Musqueteers they run, and every one ſhifts for himſelf.*

Tru.

Tru. Hey how they run! *Exeunt.*

Enter in Sir Edward's *Houſe, Sir* Edward Belfond, *and* Attorny.

Sir Edw. This is the time I appointed my Son to bring your Daughter hither: The Witneſs is a moſt malicious lying Wench, and can never have credit. Beſides, you know an Action will ſufficiently ſtop her Mouth; for, were it true, ſhe can never prove what ſhe ſays.

Attor. You ſay right, Sir: next to her being innocent, is the concealing of her ſhame.

Enter Belfond Jun. *and* Lucia.

Luc. And can I live to hear my fatal Sentence of parting with you? Hold Heart a little.

Belf. Jun. It is with ſome Convulſions I am torn from you; but I muſt Marry, I cannot help it.

Luc. And muſt I never ſee you more?

Belf. Jun. As a Lover, never; but your Friend I'll be while I have Breath.

Luc. to her ſelf. Heart, do not ſwell ſo. This has awakned me, and made me ſee my Crime: Oh, that it had been ſooner!

Belf. Jun. Sir, I beg a thouſand pardons, that I ſhou'd attempt to injure your Family, for it has gone no farther yet: For any Fact, ſhe's innocent; but 'twas no thanks to me, I am not ſo. (If a Lie be ever lawful, 'tis in this caſe.) *aſide.*

Sir Edw. Come, pretty Lady, let me preſent you to your Father: Tho' as my Son ſays, ſhe's innocent; yet, becauſe his Love had gone ſo far, I preſent her with 1500 *l.* my Son and you ſhall be Truſtees for her: To Morrow you ſhall have the Money.

Belf. Jun. You are the beſt of all Mankind.

Attor. All the World ſpeaks your Praiſes juſtly.

Luc. A thouſand Thanks, Sir, for your Bounty: And if my Father pleaſe to pardon me this ſlip, in which I was ſo far from fact, that I had ſcarce intention: I will hereafter outlive the ſtricteſt Nun.

Attor. Riſe: I do pardon you.

Sir Edw. That's well: And if they be not kind to you, appeal to me. It will be fit for you to go from hence with the leaſt notice that can be: To Morrow I'll bring the Money. Who are the Ladies you have entruſted me with, *Ned*? *Ex. Attor. and* Luc.

Belf. Jun. Scrapeall's Neice and Daughter! The Neice my Father

ther, was to give 5000 *l.* for, for his Son: If you will give me leave, I ſhall Marry her for nothing; and the other will take my Friend——

Sir Edw. How *Ned!* She's a Puritan?

Belf. Jun. No more than you, Sir: She was bred otherwiſe, but was fain to comply for peace; ſhe is Beautiful, and Witty to a Miracle; and I beg your conſent, for I will die before I Marry without it.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, thou haſt it; but what haſt thou done with the *Alſatians?*

Belf. Jun. I have the Rogues in Cuſtody, and my Brother too; whom I Reſcu'd in the very Minute he was going to be Marry'd to a Whore, to my Whore who plagues me continually. I ſee my Father coming, pray prepare him, while I prepare my Brother for a meeting with him; he ſhall not ſee me. *Exit.*

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. Your Servant Brother: No News of *Ned* yet?

Sir Edw. Oh, yes; he has your Son, and the three Rogues in Cuſtody, and will bring 'em hither: Brother, pray reſolve not to loſe a Son, but uſe him kindly, and forgive him.

Sir Will. I will, Brother: And let him ſpend what he will, I'll come up to *London* Feaſt and Revel, and never take a Minutes care while breath again.

Enter a Servant to Sir Edward.

Servant. Sir, a young Gentleman would ſpeak with you.

Sir Edw. Bid him come in.

Enter Mrs. Termagant *in Man's Cloaths.*

Term. If you be Sir *Edward Belfond*, I come to tell you, what concerns your Honour, and my Love.

Sir Edw. I am he.

Term. Know then, Sir, I am inform'd your Brother, Sir *William Belfond's* Son, is to Marry *Iſabella* the Niece of Mr. *Scrapeall.*

Sir *Edw.* What then Sir?

Term. Then he invades my right, I have been many Months Contracted to her, and as you are a Man of Honour, I muſt tell you, we have ſeal'd that Contract with Mutual Enjoyments.

Sir Will. How! What was my Son to Marry a Whore? I'll to this Damn'd Fellow inſtantly, and make him give up my Articles.

Sir Edw. Have patience; be not too raſh.

Sir Will. Patience! What, to have my Son Marry a Whore.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, you muſt ſtay a moment.

Enter Belfond Jun.

Sir Will. Oh, *Ned*, your Brother has ſcap'd a fine Match: This ſame *Iſabella* is Contracted to, and has been Enjoy'd, by this Gentleman, as he calls it: He had like to have Marry'd a Whore.

Belf. Jun. Yes, that he had; but I will cut the Throat of him that affirms that of *Iſabella*.

Term. Sir, I demand the protection of your Houſe.

Sir Edw. Hold, Son.

Term. What Devil ſent him hither at this time? *aſide.*

Belf. Jun. I'll bring 'em to Confront this Rogue, what a Devil's this? Have we another Brother of that Devil *Termagant*'s here? *Exit.*

Sir Edw. This is a very odd Story.

Sir Will. Let me go, Brother; 'tis true enough. But what makes *Ned* concern'd?

Sir Edw. Let us examine yet farther.

Enter Belfond Jun. *with* Iſabella, Tereſia, *and* Ruth, *and* Truman.

Sir Will. Look, here they are all: How the Devil comes this about?

Term. O Madam, are you here! I claim your Contract, which I ſuppoſe, will not offend you.

Iſab. What means this Impudent Fellow? I ne'er ſaw his Face before.

Term. Yes Madam, you have ſeen, and more than ſeen me often ſince we were Contracted.

Iſab. What Inſtrument of Villany is this?

Term. Nay, if you deny: Friends come in.

Enter two Alſatian *Affidavit Men.*

Friends, do you know this Gentlewoman.

1. *Witneſs.* Yes, ſhe is Mr. *Scrapeall*'s Niece.

2. *Witneſs.* We were both Witneſſes to a Contract of Marriage between you too.

Iſab. Oh Impious Wretches! What Conſpiracy is this!

Sir Will. Can any thing be more plain? They ſeem Civil, Grave, Subſtantial Men.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. Hold, hold, have I found ye? 'Tis ſhe, it could be no other Devil but her ſelf. *He pulls off her Peruke.*

Sir William. A Woman!

Sir Edw. Secure thoſe Witneſſes.

Belf. Jun. A Woman! No: She has out-ſinn'd her Sex, and is a Devil. Oh Devil, moſt compleat Devil! This is the Lady I have been ſo much of late oblig'd to.

Iſab. This is ſhe that told us the fine Story to day.

Tereſ. I know her Face again: Moſt Infamous Lying Creature!

Term. I am become deſperate: Have at thee.

She ſnaps a Piſtol at Belfond, *which only flaſhes in the Pan, the Ladies ſhriek.*

Belf. Jun. Thank you Madam: Are not you a Devil? 'Twas loaden, 'twas well meant truly. *Takes the Piſtol from her.*

Sir Edw. Lay hold on her: I'll ſend her to a place where ſhe ſhall be tam'd, I never yet heard of ſuch malice:

Sir Will. Dear *Ned*, thou haſt ſo oblig'd me; thou melt'ſt my Heart: That thou ſhoud'ſt ſteal away thoſe Ladies, and ſave me 5000 *l.* Now, I hope, Madam, my Son *Tim* ſhall be your Husband without Bargain and Sale.

Iſab. No: I can aſſure you, Sir, I wou'd never have perform'd that Bargain of my Unkles: We had determin'd to diſpoſe of our ſelves before that; and now are more reſolv'd.

Tereſ. We have broken Priſon, by the help of theſe Gentlemen, and I think we muſt e'en take the Authors of our Liberty.

Iſab. Will not that be a little hard, Couſin, to take their Liberty from them, who have given it to us?

Sir Will. Well, I am diſappointed; but cannot blame thee, *Ned.* Truman *goes to* Tereſia.

Enter Belfond *Sen.*

Sir Edw. Your Son: Pray uſe him kindly.

Belf. Sen. I have been Betray'd, Cheated, and Abus'd: Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, and never will offend you more; adad, I will not: I thought they had been the honeſteſt, the Fineſt Gentlemen in *England*; and it ſeems they are Rogues, Cheats, and Blockheads.

Sir Will. Riſe *Tim*, I profeſs thou makeſt me weep, thou haſt ſubdu'd me; I forgive thee, I ſee all Human Care is vain, I

will allow thee 500 *l.* a year, and come, and live with Eaſe and Pleaſure here: I'll Feaſt, and Revel, and wear my ſelf with pain and care no more.

Belf. Sen. A thouſand Thanks: I'll ne'er diſpleaſe you while I live agen; adad I wont. Here's an Alteration: I ne'er had good word from him before.

Sir Will. I would have Marry'd you to that pretty Lady: But your Brother has been too hard for you.

Belf. Sen. She's very pretty: But 'tis no matter. I am in no ſuch haſte, but I can ſtay and ſee the World firſt.

Sir Edw. Welcome dear Nephew, to my Houſe and me: And now my dear Son be free, and before all this Company let me know all the Incumbrances you have upon you.

Belf. Jun. That good natur'd Lady is the only one that's heavy upon me, I have her Child in my poſſeſſion, which ſhe ſays, is mine.

Term. Has he my Child; then I am undone for ever——Oh curs'd misfortune!

Sir Edw. Look you Madam, I will ſettle an Annuity of 100 *l.* a year, upon you ſo long as you ſhall not diſturb my Son: And for your Child I'll breed her up and provide for her like a Gentlewoman: But if you are not quiet you ſhall never ſee her more.

Term. You ſpeak like a Noble Gentleman: I'll ſtrive to compoſe my ſelf. I am at laſt ſubdu'd, but will not ſtay to ſee the Triumphs——— *Ex. haſtily.*

Sir Edw. Well, dear *Ned*, doſt owe any Money?

Belf. Jun. No, my dear Father, no: You have been too bountiful for that: I have five hundred Guineas in my Cabinet.

Sir Edw. Now Madam, if you pleaſe to accept him for a Husband, I will ſettle Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year on him in preſent, which ſhall be your Jointure. Beſides that, your own mony ſhall be laid out in Land and ſettled on you too. And at my Death the reſt of my Eſtate.

Iſab. You do me too much Honour, you much out-bid my Value.

Belf. Jun. You beſt of Fathers, and of all Mankind, I throw my ſelf thus at your Feet; let me embrace your knees, and kiſs thoſe hands.

Sir

Sir Edw. Come riſe, and kiſs theſe hands.

Belf. Jun. A long farewel to all the Vanity and Lewdneſs of Youth: I offer my ſelf at your feet as a Sacrifice without a blemiſh now!

Iſab. Riſe, I beſeech you, riſe.

Tereſ. Your offers, Sir, are better much than I could expect or can deſerve.

Tru. That's impoſſible: the Wealth of both the *Indies* could not buy you from me I am ſure

Ruth. Come, come, I have been Governeſs, I know their minds. Come give your hands where you have given your hearts. Here Friend *Truman*: firſt take this.

Tereſ. My Governeſs will have it ſo.

Sir Edw. Joy Sir, be ever with you: Pleaſe to make my Houſe your own.

Iſab. How can I be ſecure you will not fall to your old courſes agen?

Belf. Jun. I have been ſo ſincere in my Confeſſions, you may truſt me; but I call Heav'n to witneſs, I will hereafter be entirely yours. I look on Marriage as the moſt ſolemn Vow a man can make; and 'tis by conſequence, the baſeſt Perjury to break it.

Ruth. Come, come, I know your mind too: take him, take him.

Iſab. If Fate will have it ſo.

Belf. Jun. Let me receive this bleſſing on my knees.

Iſab. You are very devout of late.

Sir Edw. A thouſand bleſſings on you both.

Sir Will. Perpetual happineſs attend you both.

Belf. Sen. Brother and Madam! I wiſh you Joy from my heart, adad I do: Tho' between you and I Brother, I intend to have my ſwing at Whoring, and Drinking, as you had, before I come to it tho.

Sir Edw. Here! bring in theſe Rogues!

The Conſtable brings in Cheatly, Shamwell *and* Hackum.

Come Raſcals, I ſhall take a care to ſee examples made of you.

Cheat. We have ſubſtantial Bail.

Sir Edw. I'le ſee it ſhall be ſubſtantial Bail: it is my Lord Chief Juſtices Warrant, returnable to none but him: but I will proſecute you, I aſſure you.

Cheat

Cheat. Squire, dear Squire.

Hack. Good noble Squire ſpeak for us.

Sham: Dear Couſin!

Belf. Sen. Oh Rogues! Couſin, you have Couzen'd me: you made a *Putt*, a *Caravan*, a *Bubble* of me: I gave a Judgment for 1600*l.* and had but 250. but there's ſome Goods they talk of; but if e're I be catch'd again I'le be hang'd.

Sir *Will.* Unconſcionable Villains! the Chancery ſhall relieve us.

Sir Edw. I'le Rout this knot of moſt pernicious Knaves, for all the Priviledge of your Place. Was ever ſuch impudence ſuffer'd in a Government? *Ireland's* Conquer'd: *Wales* Subdu'd: *Scotland* United: But there are ſome few ſpots of Ground in *London*, juſt in the face of the Government, unconquer'd yet, that hold in Rebellion ſtill. Methinks 'tis ſtrange, that places ſo near the Kings Palace ſhould be no parts of his Dominions: 'Tis a ſhame to the Societies of Law to Countenance ſuch Practices: Should any place be ſhut againſt the Kings Writ or *Poſſe Comitatus*? Take them away and thoſe two Witneſſes. *The Conſtab. and Watch hales em away.*

Belf. Sen. Away with em, Rogues! Raſcals, damn'd Priggs.

Sir Edw. Come Ladies, I have ſent for ſome Neighbours to rejoice with us. We have Fiddles: Let's dance a brisk round or two, and then we'll make a Collation.

In the Flouriſh before the Dance enter Scrapeall.

Scrap. Oh Sir *William*, I am undone ruin'd: The Birds are flown. Read the Note they left behind 'em.

Sir Will. Peace, they are Dancing, they have diſpos'd of themſelves.

Scrap. Oh Seed of Serpents! Am I cheated then? I'll try a Trick of Law, you Froggs of the bottomleſs Pit, I will and inſtantly--- What Dancing too? then they are fallen indeed.

They Dance. *Exit* Scrapeall *haſtily.*

Sir Edw. Come Brother, now who has been in the right, you or I?

Sir Will. You have: Prithee do not triumph.

Belf. Jun. Farewel for ever all the Vices of the Age:
There is no peace but in a Virtuous Life,
Nor laſting Joy but in a tender, Wife.

Sir

Sir Edw. You, that would breed your Children well, by Kindneſs and Liberality endear em to you : And teach em by Example.

Severity ſpoils ten, for one it mends :
If you'd not have your Sons deſire your ends,
By Gentleneſs and Bounty make thoſe Sons your Friends.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mountfort.*

YE mighty ſcowrers of theſe narrow Seas,
Who ſuffer not a Bark to ſail in peace,
But with your Tire of Culverins ye roar,
Bring 'em by th' Lee, and Rummidge all their ſtore ;
Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
At every Shot that whiſtled o're his Head.
Frequent Engagements ne're could make him bold,
He ſneak'd into a corner of the Hold.
Since he ſubmits, pray eaſe him of his fear,
And with a joynt Applauſe bid him appear,
Good Criticks don't inſult and domineer.
He fears not Sparks, who with briſk dreſs and meen,
Come not to hear or ſee, but to be ſeen.
Each prunes himſelf, and with a languiſhing Eye,
Deſigns to kill a Lady by the by.
Let each fantaſtick ugly Beau and Shape,
Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
Admire himſelf, and let the Poet ſcape.
Ladies, Your Anger moſt he apprehends,
And is grown paſt the Age of making Friends
Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
No Princeſs frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
Nor is weak Senſe embroyder'd with ſtrong lines :

No

No Battels, Trumpets, Drums, not any dye;
No Mortal Wounds, to pleaſe your Cruelty;
Who like not any thing but Tragedy.
With fond, unnatural extravagancies,
Stolen from the ſilly Authors of Romances.
Let ſuch the Chamber-maids diverſion be,
Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
For when we make you merry, you muſt own
You are much prettier than when you frown.
With charming ſmiles you uſe to conquer ſtill,
The melancholly look's not apt to kill.
Our Poet begs you who adorn this Sphere,
This Shining Circle, will not be ſevere.
Here no Chit chat, *here no* Tea Tables *are.*
The Cant *he hopes will not be long unknown,*
'Tis almoſt grown the language of the Town.
For Fops, who feel a wretched want of Wit,
Still ſet up ſomething that may paſs for it.
He begs that you will often grace his Play,
And lets you know Munday's *his viſiting day.*

FINIS.

Books newly Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Queens-Head*, in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.

HIſtory of the Inquiſition, as it is Exerciſed at *Goa*. Written by the Ingenious Monſieur *Dellon*, who laboured 5 years under thoſe Severities. Tranſlated into *Engliſh*. With an Account of his Deliverance. Price 1 *s*.

The Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom, a Tragi-Comedy, as it is Acted by His Majeſties Servants at the Queens Theatre. Written by *A. Behn*. *Va Mon enſant! prend ta fortune.*

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